

1916

The Newtonia Senior Annual

N.H.S.

1990/10/15(00)WIA-01



NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL
NEWTON, IOWA

THE NEWTONIA SENIOR ANNUAL

VOLUME SIX, 1916

Dedicatum

As a token of our appreciation for her many services to Newton High, and the inspiration and help which she has given to all with whom she has come in contact, we the Newtonia Staff of 1916, lovingly dedicate this Senior Annual to Miss Carrie E. Miles, Supervisor of Music.



MISS CARRIE E. MILES who has been for four years our Supervisor of Music has surely been a success in her particular field. The possessor of a beautiful voice, she has used it, unselfishly, for our pleasure and profit. She has given us freely of her time and energy. She has helped us with our programs, our special exercises, our efforts to raise our Newtonia money as well as our Commencements; indeed no Commencement could be complete without a solo by Miss Miles. She has high ideals of life and the worth and value of music, and strives always to make us appreciate and love the things really worth while, not only in music but in all lines of school activity. Her splendid womanhood and character make her the ideal friend and pattern for many of our girls. She has given us much and in return expects much from us. So here's to Miss Miles, the friend of all of us. May she long remain our Supervisor of Music in Newton High.

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W. H. DAVIS
BOARD and BREAKFAST

"Never be thy shadow less,
Never fail thy cheerfulness;
Care, that kills the cat, may plough
Wrinkles in the miser's brow,
Deepen Envy's spiteful frown,
Draw the mouths of bigots down,
Plague Ambition's dream, and sit
Heavy on the hypocrite,
Haunt the rich man's door, and ride
In the gilded coach of pride.
Let the fiend pass! What can he
Find to do with thee?"

—*Whittier.*

Board of Education



H. B. ALLFREE, Pres.



DR. E. F. BESSER



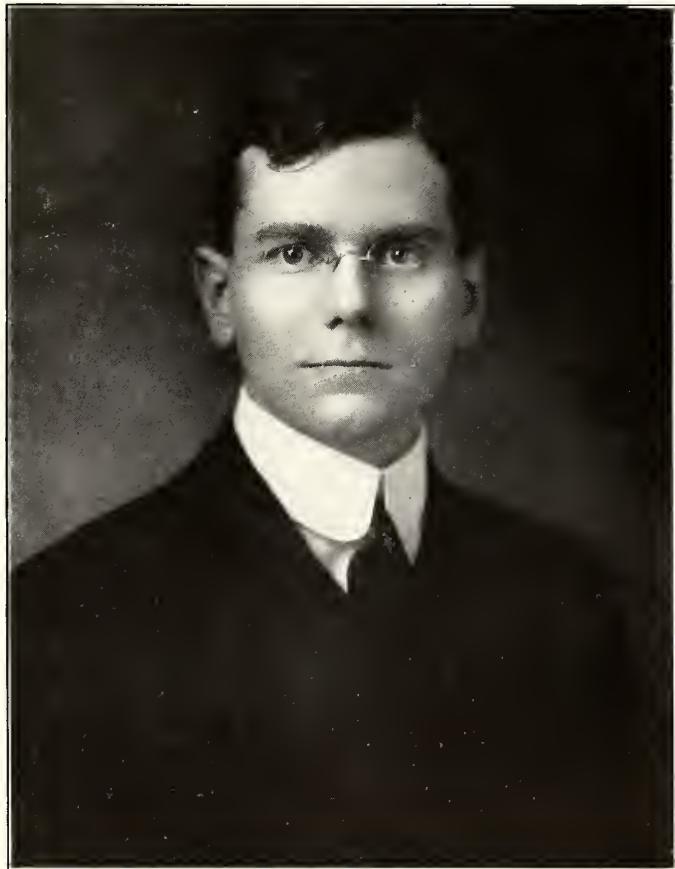
V. H. MORGAN



W. H. JASPER



FRANK SELLMAN



Supt. H. P. Smith

B. A.; M. A. State University of Iowa. Post Graduate work in Chicago University and Iowa State University

MR. H. P. SMITH, who has been for four years at the head of the Newton Schools, has certainly proven himself a very efficient Superintendent. His ability and comprehensive knowledge of school problems has won for him the respect not only of teachers and pupils, but also of the business men and patrons of the school.

These four years have witnessed a very material growth in the school system. The Lincoln school, with accommodations for ten teachers and three hundred pupils, has been completed. Kindergartens have been established and a school nurse employed who devotes her entire time to the interests of the health of the pupils. Organized Physical Training for the girls of all grades has been introduced and a teacher hired to have charge of that work.

Other improvements are planned for the coming year of 1916-17. A man will be employed who will not only coach the High School Athletics but will devote much time to the boys in the Grades.

A four year course in Household Arts and also a four year course in Agriculture will be inaugurated in the High School and Chemistry will also be taught.

These added departments, together with those already doing efficient work will make our High School the equal of any in the State.



SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE



Lucy E. Hall

*Ph. B. Drake University. Post Graduate work in Chicago
University and University of Wisconsin*

The pre-requisite of the most efficient service is an honest desire to render it. Miss Hall has that desire. She is the embodiment of the spirit of usefulness. She is never too tired to do the work that is urgent. She plans it, executes it, completes it in a masterful way, lays it aside—and is ready for the next duty call. In season and out of season she has given her time and energy to the service of the High School.

"With reason firm, with temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill,
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command."



PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE



L. VESTA BEARD
Chicago University
Latin



IDA J. MCKEE
State Normal
University of Colorado
University of Wisconsin
Algebra



LAURA N. KILLDUFF
Highland Park
Normal



ZOE R. FRAZIER
B. S M. S. State University
Science



CLARA I. BRODERICK
B. A. State University
English



BERTHA CAMPBELL
A. B. Monmouth College
English and Geometry



LILLIAN CONYBEARE
B. A. Coe College
German and History



IDA L. PORTNER
Business University
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Commercial



LORA N. RINEHART
B. Ped. Drake University
B. A. University of Oklahoma
Chicago University
English



V. C. MONTGOMERY
A. B. Morningside College
History and Athletics



O. J. BROWNING
Effingham, Ill.
National Business College
Quincy, Ill.
Commercial



A. J. WILBUR
State Teachers College,
Cedar Falls
B. A.
Physics



CARRIE E. MILES
Monmouth College
Drake Conservatory
Northwestern University
Supervisor of Music



ELIZABETH LAMB
Thomas Normal Training School
Domestic Science and Art



E. S. BAIRD
Iowa State College
State University of Iowa
Manual Training



HELEN M. NEEDLES, R.N.
Bishop Clarkson Memorial
Hospital
Omaha, Neb.



ANNE JOHNSON
Iowa State Teachers College
Physical Education

Faculty Limericks

BY LOUISE F.

Miss Broderick's the teacher they say,
Who insists on showing the way
 Of getting the fun
 From the classics begun,
Which to most classes are drier than
 hay.

Miss McKee, the Math teacher so tall,
Is most feared and respected by all;
 Her knowledge of rules
 And what's what in schools
Makes the students feel uncomfortably
 small.

In Miss Rinehart's room English is
 taught
As it should be and knowledge is
 sought
 Of rhythm and feet
 And syllogisms complete
And inspiration from Shakespere is
 caught.

To describe Mr. Wilbur, we've tried,
But it's no use, we shall have to sub-
 side,
 For his liking for dogs
 And for athletic togs
Are the chief of his tastes we have
 spied.

The Miss Campbell's so small she's no
 joke,
For her keenness is too much for most
 folk.
 A secret we've heard,
 'Twas told by a bird
Her heart is already bespoke.

Among the flowers and soil you'll find,
Miss Frazier of most brilliant mind
 Tho her hair's rather red
 It belies her for 'tis said
That by nature she's really quite kind.

In the Latin room, calm and serene,
Miss Beard sits with majestic mien.
 If you don't know the rule
 You'll feel like a fool
And try to hide so you'll never be seen.

Monte's our coach and we know
He's a good one for the boys all say so.
 As a rouser of pep
 He has made a big rep
And the way he can scold's not so
 slow.

Miss Killduff has wonderful skill
In training teachers country school-
 rooms to fill.
 Tho her manner's so kind
 Look out! or you'll find
Your deportment has slidden way down
 hill.

Miss Needles, our school nurse, no
 doubt
Is the teacher who's most talked about
 For she's death on the dirt
 And those germs which may hurt
So she kills them before they get out.

If you want to be graceful you may
See Miss Johnson, she'll show you the
 way,
 You can learn how to talk,
 To stand, sit and walk,

In the way most approved in your day.

Miss Miles, who teaches music you
 know,
Hates half-hearted singing and so
 When we try hard to shirk
 And won't do our work
She says "That's all! Close your
 books.
 You may go."

You may think Miss Conybear's blind

To your bluffing, but too late you'll
 find,
 When report cards are out
 Beyond shadow of doubt
Your true measure she's had in her
 mind.

Miss Portner's our athletic fan,
She roots for us whene'er she can,
 Her pep and support
 Of our athletic sport
Is contagious, We respond to a man.

Mr. Browning, the next in our line
Has a system most wonderfully fine
 Of detecting a note
 Before it's even been wrote
And your deportment's all gone in no
 time.

But the teacher who has us all scared
Is a big husky fellow named Baird,
 So fierce is his frown
 When his wrath is called down
On our heads, that we'd run if we dared.

We've a teacher named Lamb in our
 corps
Who can teach budding housekeepers
 more
 How to bake cake or pie
 Broil, roast, stew or fry,
Than they ever had dreamed of before.

But the teacher we fear most of all
Is our principal, stately Miss Hall
 In the office you go
 If you don't act just so
There's no mercy for sinners at all.

The Smith is a quite common name
Our superintendent is well-known to
 fame
 For his work at the head
 Of this system 'tis said,
Makes the ordinary fellow look tame.

Faculty Prophecy

BY H. M. MCQUISTON

Many Newton people will be shocked and grieved to learn that Mr. Wilbur who was for several years an efficient teacher of Physics in the Newton High School brought an end to his earthly trouble by committing suicide yesterday at his bachelor's quarters in "No Man's Land." No definite reason has yet been given for his rash act. Some who are more intimately associated with him say that he has again been disappointed in love while others say that he was temporarily insane—due, no doubt, to the fact that for several years he has been trying to convince himself as to the truth of his newly discovered law in Physics, namely—that for every man in the world there is a woman.

COURT PROCEEDINGS.

Mrs. Sadie Montgomery was granted a divorce yesterday from Vincent Montgomery on the grounds of too much affection. Newton people all join in wishing for both, a long and lonesome life of single blessedness.

Miss Portner, the celebrated suffragette will tour Egypt this summer and give a series of speeches. Miss Portner was always in favor of woman suffering and we believe she will be fully repaid for her untiring efforts.

Miss Clara Broderick, English teacher in the High School has discovered the secret of eternal youth and through the columns of our paper wishes to pass it on to her friends. It lies in the simple motto—

"Laugh, and show your—teeth."

Miss McKee has recently acquired fame from her little booklet entitled "The Art of Studying Algebra." This has always been a great problem in the minds of her algebra students and

no doubt the book will become very popular.

Mlle La Campelle is again numbered among the Newton people. She has established her up-to-date beauty parlors at the corner of 6th and Grand Ave., and solicits the patronage of her many friends here. She and her assistant Mlle La Conybeare have just returned from Paris.—Adv.

Extre! Speshul!

Miss Lora Rhinehart, greatest exponent of Shakespeare's Tragedies will be the attraction at Lister's Opera House tonight. Everyone in Newton should be there to see her for she comes straight from Chicago where she was the hit of the season.

Rumor has it that Miss Needles and Miss Zoe Frazier, two distinguished Red Cross nurses have gone to Europe to care for the wounded soldiers. Both of these ladies were formerly associated with the N. H. S.

Miss Laura Killduff has resigned her position as teacher in the High School. She has decided that the change of occupation, from school teaching to housekeeping will be a benefit to her and she believes in taking a chance.

A telegram was received here telling of the tragic death of Mr. E. S. Baird. Particulars of the disaster will be given in the next issue of this paper. Since he resigned his position as Manual Training teacher for the Newton schools he has been employed by the managers of a circus and was killed while capturing a lion in South Africa. This comes as sad news to his many friends here.

We take pleasure in announcing the engagement of Miss Elizabeth Lamb to—cook for the patients in the new hospital at Newton. Miss Lamb makes some wholesome "eatin's" and no doubt the patients will be convalescent in a short time as a result of her good cooking.

Miss Vesta Beard, the celebrated text-book writer has just written her latest book entitled, "Hints for Latin Students." Although it has only been published recently it is proving to be very popular with the pupils of Newton High.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Browning have received word saying that they are delighted with their new home in New York City. Mr. Browning has acquired a great deal of wealth and fame from his invention of the bookkeeping machine and they have purchased a magnificent home where they may enjoy their old age.

Miss Johnson recently won a gold medal at the tennis tournament in Indianapolis. We take pleasure in reporting the success of this popular teacher.

Miss Lucy E. Hall has resigned her position as Principal of Newton High and will leave the first of the week for the famous health resort at Honolulu. She has been failing in health lately and she goes there at the advice of her physician. All of us wish for her a speedy recovery.

Miss Carrie E. Miles left yesterday for the Hawaiian Islands where in company with a troupe of natives she will make a series of the famous Hawaiian victrola records.



THE STAFF—Editor-in-Chief, Zoa Skinner; Business Manager, Kenneth Myers; Literary Editor, Thelma Klein; News Editor, Rena Cox; Alumni, Clarence Baldwin; Literary Societies, Jack Harvey; Exchange, Florence Kirk; Jokes, Helen Bergman; Athletics, Ben Jones; Artists, Joy Eastmar, Barbara Chase; Bookkeeper, Irene Hise.



THE
THE CLASSES

Four ruddy, glorious, golden threads,
Wound gaily down the happy year,
 And ever longed to blend.
A laughing gleam—four river beds,
Were shaken, and the slender threads
 Went tangling, end with end.

The classes stay, but see, my dear,
The thread that once did separate,
 Has played a noble prank
Now winds it blithely round the year.
And tightens till we're crowded near
 A High School firm and frank.

—Anon.



What's ahead -- ?

The Class of 1916

Officers

GEORGE VANCE, *President*

KENNETH MYERS, *Vice President*

ZOA SKINNER, *Secretary*

Colors

Gold and Blue

Flower

Yellow Rose

Motto: "2 X L"

Yell

Razzle! Dazzle! Razzle! Dazzle!

Zip! Boom! Bah!

1916 1916

Rah! Rah! Rah!



GEORGE VANCE

"Vance."

President of Class.
Class Day program.
"President's Address."
Debating Society, '15, '16.
Football, '14, '15.
Track, '15.
High School Course.
"The warrior athlete."

ZOA SKINNER

"Zo."

Class Secretary and Treasurer.
Class Day program.
Euterpean Society.
Newtonia Staff.
News Editor, '14-'15.
Editor-in-chief, '15-'16.
Normal Course.
"She is a girl who does her own thinking and needs but little advice."

KENNETH MYERS

"Myers."

Class Vice President
Debating Society.
Triangular Debate, 1915.
Newtonia Staff.
Business Manager, '15-'16.
High School Course.
"Ambition has no rest."



HAROLD AILLAUD

"Percy."

Debating Society.
Glee Club, '16.
Orchestra.
Hi-Y-Club.
High School Course.
"Man was born for two
things, sleeping and eating."

LEONA ALBEE

"Lona."

Clio Society.
Commercial Course.
"Her cap of velvet could
not hold, the tresses of her
hair of gold."

HELEN BERGMAN

"Bergie."

Clio Society.
Glee Club, '12.
Basket ball, '12, '13, '14.
Newtonia Staff.
Joke Editor, '15-'16.
High School Course.
"The surest way not to fail
is to determine to succeed."

GRACE BISHOP

"Jerry,"

Clio Society.
Glee Club, '12.
Basket Ball, '12-'15.
High School Course.
"Of modest demeanor, not
addicted to frivolous things."

HUGH BYERS

"Billie Sunday."

Debating Society.
High School Course.
"Look, he's winding up the
watch of his wit, by and by
it will strike."



RILEY CHASE

"Miss Chase."

Class Prophecy.
Debating Society.
Triangular Debate, '15, '16.
Basket Ball, '13, '15, '16.
"Snow White."
High School Course.
"I never dare to be as funny
as I think I can."

WILLIAM DE REUS

"Bill."

Clio Society.
High School Course.
"An extremely reserved
man."

RUTH DRAKE

"Rufus."

Clio Society.
Glee Club, '12-'13.
Basket Ball, '12-'13.
High School Course.
"She lives in peace with all
mankind."

JOY EASTMAN

"Juddy."

Class Day program.
Clio Society.
Glee Club, '12.
Basket Ball, '12, '13, '14.
Newtonia Staff.
Artist, '15-'16.
High School Course.
"The deed I intend is
great; But what as yet, I
know not."

HENRY EFNOR

"Heine."

Clio Society.
Glee Club, '15-'16.
"Snow White."
Hi-Y-Club.
High School Course.
"I awoke one morning and
found myself famous."



CARYLL FOSTER

"Cal."

Debating Society.
Triangular Debate, '16.
High School Course.
"I know that Cupid did it,
and I think it was a sin,
To carve a cunning dimple
in the middle of my chin."

FLORENCE FUGARD

"Fugie."
Clio Society.
Glee Club, '13, '14.
High School Course.
"My hair is my pride."

LOUISE FURNISS

"Louie."

Class Day program.
Thalian Society.
Glee Club, '14, '15, '16.
"Snow White."
"Miss Ann Teek."
High School Course.
"Begone dull care, thou
and I shall never agree."

NELLIE HADEDORN

"Nell."

Thalian Society.
Glee Club, '14.
Basket Ball, '13, '14, '15.
"Snow White."
Commercial Course.
"Books are fatal; they are
a curse to the human race."

EVELYN HALL

"Eva."

Thalian Society.
Glee Club, '13, '14, '15, '16.
"Snow White."
Normal Course.
"Blest with that charm,
the certainty to please."



GRACE HANSON.

"Hans."

Class Day program.
Thalian Society.
Basket Ball, '13, '14, '15.
High School Course.
"Not by years but by disposition is wisdom required."

VERDA HINSHAW

"Verd."

Thalian Society.
Normal Course.
"She wouldn't be good if she could, and she couldn't be good if she would."

BLANCHE HOLMES

"Blanchie."

Thalian Society.
Normal Course.
"We can do more good by being good than any other way."

HELEN HOOK

"Sliver."

Thalian Society.
Basket Ball, '14, '15.
High School Course.
"Pure her heart, high her aims, she spoke ill of no one."

IRENE JASPER.

"Bones."

Class Day program.
Historian.
Thalian Society.
Glee Club, '12, '14, '15.
Basket Ball, '12, '13, '14.
High School Pianist, '14, '15.
High School Course.
"It is a great plague to be too beautiful."



ESTHER KEABLES

"Keab."

Thalian Society.
High School Course.
"She gives her tongue no
moment's rest."

GEORGE KELLY

"Kelly."

Thalian Society.
Football, '12, '13, '14, '15.
Track Captain, '15-'16.
High School Course.
"There should be more
hours for pleasure and fewer
for work."

EATHEL KINYON

"Candy."

Hamiltonian Society.
Basket Ball, '13, '14, '15.
High School Course.
"I was meant for an
angel."

FLORENCE KIRK

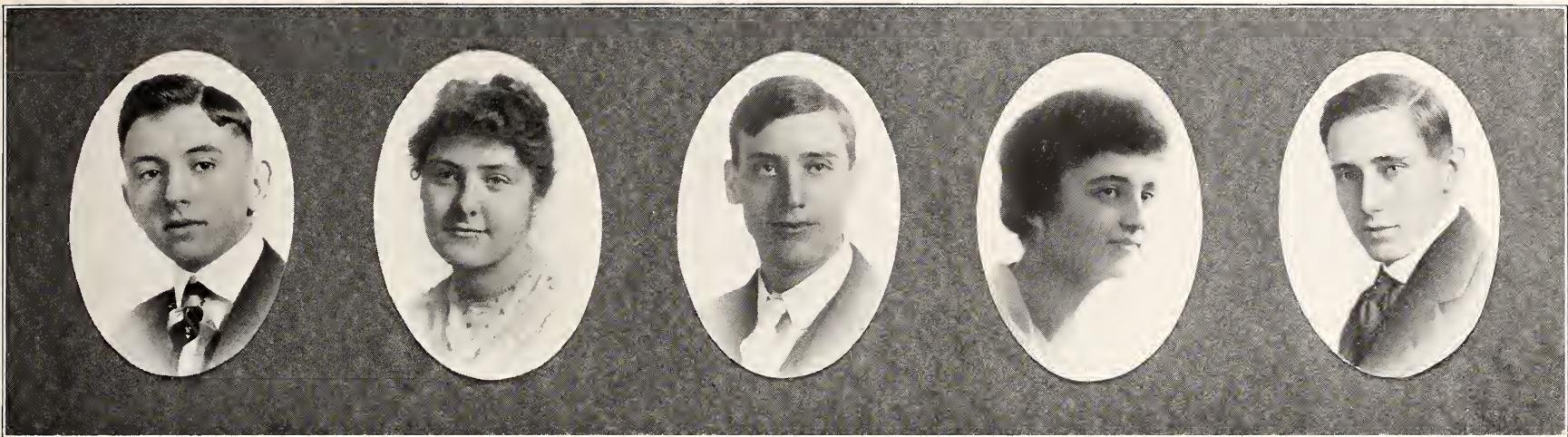
"Flossie."

Class Day program.
Hamiltonian Society.
Newtonia Staff.
Exchange Editor, '15-'16.
"Miss Ann Teek."
Normal Course.
"Thy modesty's a candle to
thy merit."

THELMA KLEIN

"Thel."

Class Day program.
Hamiltonian Society.
Glee Club, '15, '16.
Newtonia Staff.
Exchange Editor, '14-'15.
Literary Editor, '15-'16.
"Miss Ann Teek."
Normal Course.
"Measures, not men, have
been my mark."



LEONARD KLING

"Nick."

Class Day program.
Salutatorian.
Thalian Society.
Orchestra.
Hi-Y-Club.
High School Course.
"Just a boy with a man's
characteristics."

RUTH LARGENT

"Rufie."

Hamiltonian Society.
Glee Club, '12-'16.
Basket Ball, '12-'15.
Commercial Course.
"A mind not to be changed
by time or place."

WALTER LISTER

"Walt."

Thalian Society.
High School Course.
"I'll go this afternoon, but
I have to study tonight."

JANET LOYER

"Lovey."

Class Day program.
Hamiltonian.
Basket Ball, '12-'13.
Newtonia Staff.
Joke Assistant, '14.
High School Course.
"I'll be merry and free;
I'll be sad for nobody."

FRED MAINS

"Fritz."

Hamiltonian Society.
Track, '16.
Hi-Y-Club.
High School Course.
"I'll drown my books."



HELEN McQUISTON

"Honey."

Class Day program.
Hamiltonian Society.
Glee Club, '14-'16.
"Miss Ann Teek."
High School Course.
"She tells you flatly what
her mind is."

FLORENCE MEYER

"Flo."

Hamiltonian Society.
Normal Course.
"No Cupids' darts for her."

IRENE NELSON

"Reenie."

Hamiltonian Society.
Commercial Course.
"A lot of splendid virtues
in one small girl."

BURTON PAUL

"Bachelor."

Hamiltonian Society.
Glee Club, '16.
Hi-Y-Club.
High School Course.
"Grow tall."

ROBERT PICKENS.

"Pick."

Hamiltonian Society.
High School Course.
"Oh, I am stabbed with
laughter and giggles."



FLORENCE PROPP.
"Flossie."

Hamiltonian Society.
High School Course.
"Have a sweet home of her
own, to make Percy happy."

VINCENT RAYMOND
"Whitey."

Response at Alumni Ban-
quet.
Debating Society, '15.
Triangular Debate, '15.
Euterpean Society.
High School Course.
"So slick he would slide on
sand paper."

FRED RITTER
"Rit."

Euterpean Society.
High School Course.
"He bore a bashful air."

EVERETT SABIN
"Deacon."

Class Day program.
Valedictorian.
Debating Society.
Triangular debate. '15 and
'16.
Hi-Y-Club.
Commercial Course.
"Great orators are never
great doers."

MILDRED SCOTT.
"Mildreda."

Class Day program.
Euterpean Society.
Commercial Course.
"Knowledge, knowledge,
give me knowledge."



BESSIE SCOVILLE.

"Betty."

Class Day program.
Euterpean Society.
Glee Club '16.
"Miss Ann Teek."
High School Course.
"I have never found the
limit of my capacity."

JEAN SELLMAN.

"Peggy."

Class Day program.
Euterpean Society.
Orchestra.
Basket Ball, '14-'15.
High School Course.
"Dignity attends her."

CHARLOTTE SPENCER.

"Dizzy."

Euterpean Society.
High School Course.
"All I ask is to be let
alone."

GRACE STEWART.

"Billie."

Euterpean Society.
Commercial Course.
"There is mischief in this
girl."

KATHRYN O'ROAKE—
THERIEN.

"Katie."

Hamiltonian Society.
Normal Course.
"The good I stand on, is
my truth and honesty."



BERNICE TROUT.

"Bun."

Euterpean Society.
Normal Course.
"When I have a study on
hand, I study profoundly."

HAZEL WAGLEY.

"Wiggles."

Class Day program.
Euterpean Society.
Glee Club, '14, '15, '16.
Basket Ball, '13-'14.
"Snow White."
"Miss Ann Teek."
High School Course.
"Hands off; I wear a dia-
mond."

VALERIA WEEKS.

"Penny."

Euterpean Society.
Commercial Course.
"Quiet, modest and useful."

GLADYS WILSON.

"Glad."

Euterpean Society.
Glee Club, '12-'13.
Commercial Course.
"It is interesting to notice
how many minds seem almost
to create themselves."

IRENE WITMER.

"Wit."

Euterpean Society.
Glee Club, '12-'13.
High School Course.
"A maid that loves to
laugh."

Advice to Seniors Department

Conducted By F. KIRK and V. HINSHAW

Dear Miss Knowitall: Is it all right for your boy friend to walk home with you each evening after school and then come to see you after supper? Zoa Skinner.

Answer: It is hardly proper, but if you can stand it other people ought to.



Dear Miss Knowitall: How much does it take to get married on, meaning both money and nerve? Royce Harp.

Answer: As I am unable to give the desired information I refer you to Kathryn Therein, who probably could answer both queries.



Dear Miss Knowitall: What should you do if you lived in a town where none of the girls appeal to your fancy? Harold Aillaud.

Answer: There is something the matter with your head, probably enlargement. Better see a physician at once.



Dear Friend Knowitall: Will you please tell me which girl I am going with now and which one I shall go with tomorrow night and which one I like best and which one likes me best? Walter Lister.

Answer: Impossible to answer.



Dear Friend Knowitall: What shall I do when I am complimented upon my beauty? Shall I as usual take it as a matter of course? Jean Sellman.

Answer: Vanity is a serious disease; I advise you to recover as soon as possible.

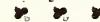


Dear Miss Knowitall: Will you please suggest some effective freckle remover? The fact that I am freckled so worries me that I am unable to sleep at night. Louise Furniss.

Answer: To remove freckles, pry them out gently with a nut pick. Should this fail, try blasting.

Dear Miss Knowitall: I am troubled with toothache. How can I get rid of it? Florence Kirk.

Answer: Fill your mouth with ice water and sit on the stove until it boils and you will not be bothered with it any more.



Dear Madame Knowitall: How can I make my hands and arms white? Grace Hanson.

Answer: For lily white hands and arms rub thoroughly with sulphuric acid and draw on gloves to keep the fumes in bounds before retiring. After several applications the skin which remains will be pure white.



Dear Miss Knowitall: As it is my highest ambition to become a "Mrs.," would it be proper for me to propose, this being leap year? Evelyn Hall.

Answer: You are entirely too young to think of marriage. Wait until next leap year.



Dear Miss Knowitall: I enclose my photograph. Is there any hope of my ever becoming handsome? Grace Bishop.

Answer: I am a beauty specialist, not a fortune teller.



Dear Miss Knowitall: How can I make my hair more luxuriant? Also my eyelashes? Irene Nelson.

Answer: For luxuriant hair pull each hair with a pair of tweezers, gently but firmly, until the desired length is obtained. Eyelashes can be treated in the same manner.



Dear Friend Knowitall: Would you advise continued correspondence with "an old beau," or should I use my influence on someone else? The someone else I have referred to seems to be quite fond of me. As this is leap year I would like an immediate answer. Irene Jasper.

Answer: Now, I am personally inexperienced (?) along the lines of advice to the love-lorn. I would advise that you remain true to your out of town friend, for "all that glitters is not gold."



Dear Miss Knowitall: How can I change from a blonde to a brunette. Blanche Holmes.

Answer: Ask Grace Stewart. Maybe she could tell you.



Miss Charlotte Spencer: Your fifteen page letter at hand. Although interested in your case, I am unable to advise you until you write more fully. Yours sincerely, Miss Knowitall.



Dearest Knowitall: Last month I dropped two degrees (not centigrade or Fahrenheit [fair height] but lower grade) below ninety in one of my subjects. What shall I do? Bessie Scoville.

Answer: If your calling on the teachers personally does not prove successful, try bringing marmalade.



Dear Friend Knowitall: Do you think that short dresses become my style of beauty? I am a tall blonde with a characteristic walk and shall depend upon your judgment. Florence Meyer.

Answer: I think that short dresses would emphasize your height. Why not look shorter and resemble the height of your ambition?



Dear Friend Knowitall: I would like to know whether or not it would be considered a breach of etiquette for me, a Senior girl, to attend a basket ball game with a Sophomore boy. Florence Propp.

Answer: By all means not a breach of etiquette. It seems to be quite a fad at present.

My Dear Miss Knowitall: Last month, due to some "crooked work" on the part of one of my teachers, I pulled an "83" in Deportment. How shall I remedy this injustice? Robert Pickens.

Answer: Get hold of the Deportment blank and with eraser and ink do the deed, at the risk of your life. If said blank is not obtainable, make a date with "the cause." The above is guaranteed to bring desired results.

Dear Miss Knowitall: How can I express my splendid ideas in Civics and still keep Miss Hall's good opinion. Helen Hook.

Answer: Have your ideas put in book form and present them to Miss Hall.

Dear Miss Knowitall: Could you advise me how I could dye my red sweater green without spoiling the black N.? George Kelly.

Answer: Try using green ink and soda.

Dear Miss Knowitall: I have been wearing bright ties, flowers in my buttonhole and other things to enhance my beauty. Don't you think all the girls should admire me? Leonard Kling.

Answer: This is a very interesting letter. No doubt all the girls do admire you. Try using a little powder and rouge.

Dear Miss Knowitall: Can you tell me why the teachers all want to suspend me from school? I'm sure that I do nothing and always fully appreciate all jokes. Vincent Raymond.

Answer: The teachers are surely unjust to you, for if you worked hard and were morbid there might be a reasonable excuse. Perhaps though you may win their good will if you can stay in school a week.

Dear Madam Knowitall: I have an annoying habit of blushing when talking to the ladies. Burton Paul.

Answer: Try bleaching your face with white Diamond Dye and Blueing.

Dear Miss Knowitall: How can I test Bayard's love? Helen Bergman.

Answer: I should advise you to try this: The next time he calls do not put powder on your face. If he recognizes you, he loves you.

Dear Miss Knowitall: I am a Senior girl and the sixth period a Freshman boy flirts with me. Do you think he really likes me? Also I have been wanting a steady fellow and I was wondering if you could kindly advise me how I could get one? Ruth Drake.

Answer: Really the boy is only a kind and friendly gentleman. He does that way with all the girls and if I were you I'd wait for further advances. Probably Valeria Weeks or Mildred Scott could advise you about getting a steady fellow.

Dear Madam Knowitall: Will smoking spoil my beauty? Fred Ritter.

Answer: Yes, if you have any.

Madam Knowitall: Where can I get the best instruction in bluffing? Leona Albee.

Answer: The required information might be obtained from Fred Mains.

Dear Miss Knowitall: I am a handsome young man of eighteen, with lovely black hair and grey eyes. I have become an ideal of the girls on account of my beauty and basket ball record. Please advise me how I can escape their attentions. Caryll Foster.

Answer: Self-conceit is a wonderful thing. Come back to earth.

Dear Miss Knowitall: Should I move any faster than is necessary? Willie DeReus.

Answer: Only in case of fire or tornado. Otherwise do not exert yourself.

Dear Madam Knowitall: Can you give me a recipe for divinity? I always wish to make something for my boy friends when they call. Will you charge me for this ad? Nellie Hagadorn.

Answer: We won't charge you for this ad this time, but be more careful in the future.

Try this divinity: Butterfly Divinity.—Take three cups of sand and one cup of liquified H₂O and put in a sauce pan. Let it simmer for 212-4 seconds (This is European time as it is a foreign recipe). Then take off and hold under pump to cool. Be sure to get no water on it. Then sit on stove and stir constantly for six hours. Add one-half cup of knot holes chopped fine, and one roll of blotting paper, which has been bitten into small pieces. Beat this with a hairbrush until it is worn out and then cut in heart shaped squares (the candy not the hairbrush).

Dear Miss Knowitall: How may I improve my complexion? Janet Loyer.

Procure for yourself a rabbit's foot and a box of powder. Bury it two miles from home and walk out every day to see if it is still there.

Dear Madam Knowitall: I am in love with a beautiful young lady, but she pays no attention to me. How can I win her? George Vance.

Answer: As I have had no experience along such lines I cannot say definitely. However, I would suggest that you continue to associate with her and discontinue your idea of winning her. Why win so soon? Probably a more worthy prize will soon appear.

Dear Miss Knowitall: How can I acquire a beautiful complexion? Eathel Kenyon.

Answer: The most popular way is to first apply cold cream, then red grease paint, blacken your eyebrows and add lip rouge. Don't wash it off at night.

Dear Miss Knowitall: Please give information on how to flirt. Florence Fugard.

Answer: I refer you to Verda Hinshaw and Joy Eastman for desired instructions.

Dear Miss Knowitall: Please give me some advice as to just how long kid curlers should be left on the hair. Ruth Largent.

Answer: They should not be left on any longer than a week. If you desire further information I refer you to Gladys Wilson.

Dear Madam Knowitall: Is there any conceivable manner in which I may possibly assimilate a greater quantity of knowledge? Everett Sabin.

Answer: You have no doubt finished Webster's Dictionary. I suggest that you study simplified spelling.



Dear Madam Knowitall: I am a young girl who is very fond of giggling and wish to have a silvery, tickling and melodious laugh. What can I do to obtain it? Irene Witmer.

Answer: Grease the throat every night and morning to allow the laugh to slip easily from the voice box.



Dear Miss Knowitall: How may I overcome bashfulness? Hugh Byers.

Answer: Register for a class in sewing or domestic science. You can get used to girls in this way.



Dear Miss Knowitall: Can you suggest something startling to do that will attract attention? I have already tried a derby hat and rimmed eye glasses. Riley Chase.

Answer: You might try leading a French poodle around, but I hesitate to advise this because such dogs are very expensive and hard to replace if destroyed. Wearing a "beauty spot" would be quite as sensational and less expensive.

Dear Miss Knowitall: Please let me know how to cure a red nose. Hazel Wagley.

Answer: Put on a little more powder. Most girls do.



Dear Miss Knowitall: I find it very difficult to make people understand me. What shall I do? Esther Keables.

Answer: It is not surprising that you find it difficult to make people understand you. You must not endeavor to talk at a greater rate than fifty words a second.



Dear Miss Knowitall: My responsibility is so great that I am losing my youthful appearance. Can you suggest something to maintain said appearance? Kenneth Myers.

Answer: Responsibility really tends to age people but when off duty concentrate your thoughts on other things.



Dear Miss Knowitall: I accepted an invitation to drive and lunch with a young man when I already had an engagement with my steady beau. What shall I do? Bernice Trout.

Answer: It is indiscreet to accept an invitation to drive and lunch when you have an engagement with another young man. By all means break the first engagement.



Miss Knowitall: I wish to give a gentleman friend of mine a little birthday remembrance—

something I have made all by myself. Do you think a "simple cell" would be nice? If so, how could I make one? Thelma Klein.

Answer: That would be a very acceptable gift to this particular friend, if I guess aright. Take a cigar box and fill it with anything like H₂O₄S or S₉O₆H₄, or any such academical combination. Stand two dinner plates up in this slush and tie the molecules, which are running toward the north magnetic pole, into the box by street car conductors. This cell is guaranteed to produce a charge of two bolts, which is just a handy size for a gentleman.



Dear Friend Knowitall: What shall I do? "Frenchy" is so tall and I am so short that when I have to talk to him he has to stoop over. This makes him round shouldered and it mortifies me very much. Can you tell me what we shall do? Helen McQuiston.

Answer: As you are a Senior, I think you should find a way out of your own difficulties.



Dear Madam Knowitall: As my best girl is a rural school marm and I am unable to see her only at far distant intervals, do you think that two telephone messages a day are sufficient to let her know that my thoughts are ever of her. Henry Efnor.

Answer: It seems to me that the young lady in the case might think you neglectful if you sent only two messages a day. I should advise four as the smallest possible number.



"STRIVE FOR THE HIGHEST"



THE CLASS OF 1917

S. Chase

The Class of 1917

Officers

WILLIAM KELLY, *President*

REUEL JACKSON, *Vice President*

BARBARA CHASE, *Secretary*

Colors

Silver Grey and Gold

Flower

Yellow Rose

Motto: Strive for the Highest

Yell

Boom a lack a! Boom a lack a!

Bow! Wow! Wow!

Nineteen Seventeen!

Get There Now!

Junior Class Roll

Effie Alling ·
Clarence Baldwin ·
Ruth Bergman ·
Alex Brown ·
Mary Brown ·
Orville Bunker ·
Edwin Carpenter ·
Barbara Chase ·
Florence Cooper ·
Rena Cox ·
Francis Drake ·
McCabe Day ·
Glen DeBoit ·
Esther Deutsch ·
Dorothy Dodge ·
Hazel Dolph ·
Ray Donahey ·
Mozelle Foreman ·
Aziel Gharrett ·
William Galbreth ·
Violet Guthrie ·
Gladys Hammer ·
Donald Hammerly ·
Royce Harp ·
Elvin Hart ·
Fred Hart ·
Jack Harvey ·
Robert Harvey ·
Reuel Jackson ·
Benjamin Jones ·
Ona Kating ·
Myrtle Keener ·
William Kelly ·
Barbara Kennedy ·
Hazel Kirk ·
Katherine Koehl ·
Inez McAllister ·
Celesta Merritt ·
Mabel Meyer ·
William Morris ·
Helen Orwick ·
Glen Paschal ·
Edward Phillips ·
Willard Rayburn ·
Glen Ryan ·
Florence Sears ·
Geraldine Shankland ·
Hazel Shrull ·
Elmer Starrett ·
Lee Stauffer ·
Amber Swihart ·
Myra Thomas ·
Rodney Thompson ·
Winnie Walker ·
Elnora Wehrman ·
Lela Wert ·
Frances Yarham ·
Margaret L. John



JUNIORS

Junior Agricultural Gardens

Owned and Managed By DODGE, KEENER, KATING & CO.

Junior Seed Catalogue

Wild Rose—Esther Deutsch.

This is the most delicious in coloring of all roses. Begins in a bright pink, shading to the deepest crimson. Most often found near streams where Trouts are plenteous. Price, 50 cents.

Prim Roses—Clarence Baldwin and Winnie Walker.

Quiet and unassertive blossoms showing very careful cultivation. Warranted not to grow wild. Guaranteed to be reliable. Price, each, 20 cents.

Chief Wind Flower—Lee Stanffer.

An annual blossom, thriving well when carefully Fostered. Perfectly reliable. Price, \$1.

Wind Flower—McCabe Day.

Very breezy in appearance and popular among the faculty. Comes in all shades of red. Grows in popularity as it becomes known. Price, 25 cents.

Moon Flowers—Edwin Carpenter and Amber Swihart.

The flowers of this variety are extremely double and thrive in dark places. Perfectly hardy and frost-proof. Everlasting. Price, 85 cents.

Lady Slipper—William Kelly.

A very hardy variety having created a great sensation when first introduced. Brightest imaginable shade of crimson scarlet. A ladies' plant. Price, 15 cents.

Lily—Inez McAllister.

Of dwarf size, but vigorous growth. A modest, unobtrusive plant and in constant demand. Very reliable. Price, 80 cents.

Sweet William—William Galbreth.

A plant of slender dwarf size, requiring very careful protection. Much better results obtained if it has something to lean against. Delicately tinted. A quaint, charming little blossom. Price, 9 cents.

Heartsease—Elvin Hart.

A highly colored variety with a round fat stem. Very vigorous. This particular variety thrives well in northeastern climates under the careful watchfulness of a Foreman. Price, 15 cents.

Forget-me-nots—Frances Yarham and Katherine Kochl.

This flower is of two species—one a sad-faced flower of tall, slender stem, the other a hardy herbaceous type of easy manner. Price, 25 cents.

Candy Tuft—Ruth Bergman.

One of our sweetest blossoms. Peculiarly free from enemies. Delightfully fragrant. Altogether a charming, though not a vigorous variety. Price, 40 cents.

Phlox—Donald Hammerly, Glenn Ryan, Elmer Starrett, Wm. Morris.

Makes the most beautiful bouquet in existence. The plants used as groups on the street corners, produce effects that are unsurpassed. They are now largely used in prominent positions in nearly all the public places. Price, each, 5 cents.

Pink—Edward Phillips.

One of our hardiest plants. In color, the brightest pink imaginable. A most satisfactory and desirable plant. Price, 75 cents.

Bachelor's Buttons—Florence Cooper.

Small, single flower, yet perfectly hardy. Best results obtained when grown in a secluded spot. Price, 20 cents.

Coxcomb—Rena Cox.

This hardy flower is especially adapted to home utilities. Guaranteed ever faithful. Flowers large and grow on a heavy short stalk. Price, 15 cents.

Poppy—Fred Hart.

Of a single variety but susceptible to doubling. Its color is dark and rich. Price, 75 cents.

Sunbeam Violets—Helen Orwick.

A modest, unobtrusive plant, growing in out-of-the-way places. Very reliable. Price, 25 cents.

Honeysuckle—Hazel Kirk.

Shrubbery climber and one of the most satisfactory of all plants. Perfectly hardy. Price, 45 cents.

Snapdragon—Dorothy Dodge.

A remarkably vigorous grower. We recommend it to all buyers for its perfect reliability and power to combat successfully the severest storms. It derives its name from its peculiar habit of opening and closing its petals in a snapping manner. It is noted for its pugilistic qualities. Price, 10 cents.

Hair Belle—Geraldine Shankland.

The most striking novelty of many years and decidedly the best of all plumed or fuzzy varieties. Flowers have a very scraggly, blown-

about appearance and are quite attractive under the gas light. Price, 20 cents.

Golden Glow—Effie Alling.

Pleasing variety, not so well known as it should be. Grows very tall and on an exceedingly slender stalk. Remarkable for its wonderful golden hue. Price, 50 cents.

Maiden Hair Fern—Mozelle Foreman.

A delicate fern. Very tall and slender. Famous for its tropical luxuriance and its foliage which grows to the most astonishing length. This plant, although termed a scraggly weed by many, is of the old-fashioned variety and sure to please. Price, 45 cents.

Smilax—Hazel Shrull.

This attractive vine has proved to be of the most sturdy growth. Guaranteed not to wither. Flourishes in sunlight and requires but little attention to fulfill its name perfectly. Price, 75 cents.

Trailing Beauty Colens—Robert Harvey.

Of trailing habit. Leaves of baby blue edged with bright green. Of very steady growth and constant reliability. Price, 30 cents.

Hop Vine—Myra Thomas.

Weak and clinging. Very useful for covering old buildings and out-of-the-way places. Grows as much as fifty feet in a single season. Ornamental. Price, 15 cents.

Night Blooming Serious—Barbara Chase.

We cannot too strongly urge you to have this flower in your collection. For vining and graceful growth it has no superior. Especially adapted to the athletic department. Price, 60 cents.

Turnip—Celesta Merritt.

Does not grow to an especially large size, but is very solid in texture with little or no neck. Large top particularly suited to greens. Very desirable. Price, 55 cents.

Carrot—Willard Rayburn.

People do not fully realize the value of this in quality. Top very small. Price, 10 cents. Vegetable. Large, long and tapering. Medium

Evergreen Sweet Corn—Orville Bunker.

This is a distinct variety. Stalks are strong. Ears are large and uniform in size. Never loses its green color. Price, 25 cents.

Dentsch Cabbage—Gladys Hammer.

This new German sort is the best of the larger, round cabbages. We offer it to our customers for free trial. Large head guaranteed not to be hollow. Healthy and reliable. Price, 85 cents.

Cucumber—Myrtle Keener.

Grand new variety. Everyone who saw the crop last year says they never saw anything to equal it. Dark, glossy green, slim and symmetrical. They hold color till nearly ripe, when they turn white without a yellow streak in them. Quality fine. Very tender. Price, 40 cents.

Gooseberry—Mary Brown.

A fine fruit, green in color when ripe. Bright and impressive. Very delicious when it has become known. Price, 50 cents.

Rose Apple—Hazel Dolph.

Remarkable for its handsome shape and rosy color. The demand for this increases from year to year. Absolutely reliable. Sweet and of delicious flavor. Price, 45 cents.

Prune—Lela Wert.

A grand old variety of easiest culture. A short, thick plant, almost round in outline. Leaves very thick and leathery. Price, \$10.

Strawberry—Ray Donahey.

This variety with its beautiful spotted foliage makes a very pretty and showy plant in a variegated collection. Very faithful. Price, 25 cents.

Ice Plant—Frances Drake.

Interesting for its being opposed to other varieties of plants. Very cold to the touch. Flowers very pretty and it has curly leaves. Very modest and unassuming. Price, 45 cents.

Athletic Plant—Ben Jones.

This plant flourishes all the year round and is a universal favorite. Exceedingly valuable as decoration for athletic fields. Very satisfactory. Price, 60 cents.

Weeping Willow—Elnora Wehrman.

A drooping shrub of quiet habit. Grows slowly and easily produces sleep. It is rightly named for the sad and pensive nature of this plant is well known. Price, 50 cents.

Shark de la Mars—Ona Kating.

(Grinder Grindissimers.)

A plant of remarkable persistent habits. Overcomes any kind of opposition to its growth. Price, 10 cents.

Sunflower—Alex. Brown.

Grows to an enormous height, not unusual in the sunflower family. Of an especially beautiful variety. Famous for seeding the Newton High Y. Price, \$1.50.

Crab Cactus—Rodney Thompson.

A dark prickly variety being used mostly as church decoration. Brown in color and quiet in habit. Price, 15 cents.

Sorrel Top—Jack Harvey.

A plant of tall, slender habit, having the most dazzling, brilliant foliage of blazing crimson. Cannot, however, be called a showy flower and flourishes best in a secluded spot. Price, 20 cents.

Smart Weed—Aziel Gharrett.

(Common Name, Push Vine.)

A somewhat rank, though very useful weed. Is the most remarkably energetic habit and can withstand any sort of opposition. Comes

from a large and vigorously growing family.
Price, 5 cents.

Widow Weeds—Violet Guthrie and Barbara Kennedy.

These healthy vigorous grasses may be used to good advantage for decoration at almost any function beside school activities. Their sad and pensive nature produce a graceful drooping effect. Price, 25 cents each.

Touch-me-not—Reuel Jackson.

Has always been popular but hard to obtain. Habits splendid. Plants thrive well anywhere outside of a feminine atmosphere. Price, 20 cents.

Sensitive Plant—Florence Sears.

Very curious plant, its leaves closing when touched. It makes a good house plant for the winter and pleases everyone. Price, 55 cents.

Red Geranium—Glenn De Bolt.

Flower bright, carmine, crimson. Very large, perfect form. Blooms profusely. Luxuriant branching and robust. Price, 25 cents.

Lemon—Mabel Meyer.

Nothing has caused half the commotion that this wonderful lemon has. It has a very thin rind and is good for culinary purposes. Price, 45 cents.



NEWTON HIGH'S ALL-STAR TEAM.



Sophomore Class Roll

Jetson Adams	Everett Galusha	Fred Meyer
Francis Allfree	Mary Gralnek	Francis Moler
Laurine Altemeier	Ida Gralnek	Charles Morrison
Leland Anderson	Eva Gilbert	Frankie Morrow
Harold Atwood	Mabel Green	Ruth Myers
Lillian Atwood	Grace Greenlief	Charles Paul
Merritt Atwood	William Hale	Earl Petted
Cecile Awtry	John Hans	Almon Pickens
Arlando Baldwin	Grace Hardenbrook	Nora Rader
Mabel Barnes	Irene Hise	Ardell Rippetoe
Leo Braley	Bernice Holmes	June Robinson
Esther Brown	Ruth Hunt	Dorothy Russell
Ruth Brown	Vern Jones	Murray Russell
Doris Buchanan	Katharine Joy	Margaret Scholes
Iva Campbell	Gretchen Kennedy	Robert Sellman
Frank Carpenter	Glenava Klopping	Charles Shankland
Catherine Clymer	Merrill Knight	Harley Shepherd
Clifford Conn	Clifford Lavender	Ruth Sitler
Thomas Dalzell	Mable Lawson	Sylvia Small
Mattie DeReus	Clover Loveridge	Verne Snook
Blanche Drew	Percy Lufkin	Lorna Snyder
Ruth Dunmire	Harold Mateer	Sarah Spearing
Mac Edge	Margaret McAllister	Roy Stanley
Edna Eichner	Madge McCord	Anna Shaw
Glenn Enfield	Erma Meredith	Laura Stanton
Verne Failor	Eva McDannel	Hazel Stewart
Wilma Fleck	Carroll McElroy	Verne Talbot
Irene Fleming	Florence McGriff	Earl Trout
Samuel Fleming	Gertrude McKeever	Wilma Van Dusseldorf
Nell Flickinger	Edward McMurray	Esther Wehrman
Helen Foster	Glen McVay	Carroll Widell
Walter Fox	Janice Meredith	Clifford Wilson
Marjorie French	Merwin Meredith	Irene Woodrow



SOPHOMORE CLASS

The Sophomore Movies

Owned and Managed by FLECK AND ALTEMEIER

Everett Galusha.....	Only Five Years Old	Jetson Adams.....	The Strong Man	Erma Meredith.....	Carmen
Eva Gilbert.....	The Screech Owl	Francis Alfree.....	His Mother's Son	Fred Meyers.....	Caught in the Act
Grace Greenlief.....	In the Lane of Dreams	Laurine Altemeier.....	When My Lady Smiles	Charles Morrison.....	The Man of the Hour
Ida Gralnek.....	A Broken Cloud	Leland Anderson.....	The "Supreme"	Frankie Morrow.....	The Lonesome Heart
Mary Gralnek.....	"Mary"	Harold Atwood.....	A Fool There Was	Ruth Myers.....	Still Water Runs Deep
William Hale.....	The Unknown	Lillian Atwood.....	The Chorus Lady	Charles Paul.....	On the Job
John Hans.....	Buckshot John	Merritt Atwood.....	Cupid's Victory	Earl Petted.....	"I Am in Love With Someone"
Grace Hardenbrook.....	When Beauty Butts In	Cecile Awtry.....	The Dancing Girl	Almon Pickens.....	Could a Man Do More?
Irene Hise.....	The White Sister	Arlando Baldwin.....	When a Man Is Fickle	June Robinson.....	Their Aim—to Please
Bernice Holmes.....	It's Very Trying	Mable Barnes.....	Unlike Other Girls	Nora Rader.....	Yankee Girl
Ruth Hunt.....	She Stoops to Conquer	Leo Braley.....	A Small Town Boy	Ardell Rippetoe.....	The Littlest Rebel
Vern Jones.....	A Bachelor's Romance	Ruth Brown.....	What's His Name?	Dorothy Russell.....	The New Girl
Katherine Joy.....	The Best of a Friend	Esther Brown.....	Girl of the Golden West	Murray Russell.....	The Gentleman of Leisure
Gretchen Kennedy.....	In Search of a Thrill	Doris Buchanan.....	Dear Old Girl	Margaret Scholes.....	Cupid Beats Father
Glenava Klopping.....	The Girl With the Ribbons	Iva Campbell.....	It's No Laughing Matter	Anna Shaw.....	Dizzy Heights and Daring Hearts
Merrill Knight.....	A Cute Little Bear	Frank Carpenter.....	"Ain't He Grand"	Robert Sellman.....	The Violinist
Clifford Lavender.....	Destruction	Catherine Clymer	"Demure"	Charles Shankland.....	A Hunter of Adventure
Mable Lawson.....	It Was Like This	Thomas Dalzell.....	The Little Prince	Harley Shepherd.....	Where Love Dwells
Clover Loveridge.....	Applied Romance	Mattie De Reus.....	A Girl of Yesterday	Ruth Sitler.....	A Lady of Quality
Percy Lufkin.....	The Trail of the Lovelorn	Blanche Drew.....	The Masquerader	Sylvia Small.....	Neptune's Daughter
Francis Moler.....	Little But Mighty	Ruth Dunmire.....	The Girl and the Game	Verne Snook.....	Following Father's Footsteps
Harold Mateer.....	Between Men	Mac Edge.....	Nerve and Gasoline	Lorna Snyder.....	One of Our Girls
Margaret McAllister.....	Mademoiselle Mischief	Edna Eichner.....	The Silent Voice	Sarah Spearing.....	Fidelity
Madge McCord.....	The Musician	Vern Failor.....	The Mighty One	Laura Stanton.....	Weep and You Weep Alone
Eva McDannel.....	The Girl With the Curls	Wilma Fleck.....	When Hearts Are Trumps	Hazel Stewart.....	The Country Mouse
Carroll McElroy.....	Son of the Stars	Irene Fleming.....	Love's Labours Lost	Verne Talbot.....	A Knight of Trouble
Florence McGriff.....	She Took a Chance	Sam Fleming.....	Burning Daylight	Earl Trout.....	Saved by a Girl
Gertrude McKeever.....	The Shrine of Happiness	Nell Flickinger.....	The Conspirator	Wilma Van Dusseldorp.....	The Little Dutch Girl
Glen McVay.....	Like Father	Helen Foster.....	She Landed a Big One	Esther Wehrman.....	A Girl's Grit
Edward McMurray.....	The Man on the Case	Walter Fox.....	His Hour of Manhood	Carroll Widell.....	A Soldier's Oath
Merwin Meredith.....	"Graft"	Marjorie French.....	Peg of the Movies	Clifford Wilson.....	Always in the Way
Janice Meredith.....	Her Own Way	Mable Green.....	False Colors	Irene Woodrow.....	The Lamb



F R E S H M E N

Freshman Class Roll

Jennie Alling	Roy Ives	Oliver Richmond
Vera Altemeier	Carl Jasper	Irene Rogers
Helen Bickell	Marjorie Jackson	Edgar Sabin
Irene Bishop	Durland Kelly	Elizabeth Schnathorst
Neva Bridie	Charles Knepper	Freda Schnell
Perry Broadston	Elsie Kracht	Leora Schnell
Raymond Broadston	Dena Kreager	Margaret Scott
Lulu Broderson	Forrest Kunze	Florence Sellman
Clara Byers	Margaret Leary	Hilda Sharp
Imogene Carrier	James Lister	Alta Slagel
Irene Carrier	Mabel Lowery	Edith Smith
William Carrier	Esther Madoll	Frances Smith
Nellie Clymer	Maurine Marshall	Harrold Smith
Clifford Conn	Thelma Marshall	Sarah Smith
Grace Conn	Inis McCartney	Clinton Smoke
Norma Davis	Florence McCullough	Avonel Sparks
Clara DeBolt	Ralph McLaughlin	Clarence Spencer
Cleora Dennis	Robert McLaughlin	Russell Stanton
Dorothy Dennis	Lucille McMurray	Elvis Stockton
Marie Dimon	Vernon Myers	Ross Starrett
Catherine Dullard	Amelia Moffitt	Anita Tabbert
William Duckstein	Alvertus Morris	Don Talbot
Ernestine Dunmire	Velma Morris	Mildred Thompson
Estella Emmack	Carroll Morrow	Gladys Valentine
Bennie Esmeyer	Alice Murdoch	Dorothy Vanatta
Mary Gerhart	Cecil O'Roake	Helma Walker
Treva Gorwin	John Owens	Clyde Wells
Carroll Hammerly	Leo O'Roake	Merritt Westbrook
Nellie Hand	Vera Petted	Ella Wheeler
Merle Herwehe	Russell Raymond	Keith Williamson
Glenn Hickman	Hazel Rees	Edna Wilson
Joseph Holdsworth	Gladys Reid	Mary Wormley
William Hudson	Stella Richardson	



FRESHMAN CLASS

The Freshman Menagerie

Owned by McMURRAY; Managed by WALKER and Fed by DENNIS

Alling, Jennie—Frog. Has goggle eyes.
Altemeier, Vera—Bird of Paradise. Beautiful beyond expression.
Bickell, Helen—Pigeon. Industrious bird.
Bishop, Irene—Sheep. Has curly hair.
Bridie, Neva—Gazelle. A gentle, harmless animal.
Broderson, Lulu—Warbler. Piping voice.
Broadston, Perry—Clam. Never says a useless word.
Broadston, Raymond—Thrush. Always wears brown.
Byers, Clara—Blue bird. Wears blue.
Carrier, Imogene—Squirrel. Frisky.
Carrier, Irene—Zebra. Wears stripes.
Carrier, Wm.—Mink. A sly, sleek animal that needs watching.
Clymer, Nellie—Bee. Celebrated for getting straight to the point and buzzing, busily at its own affairs.
Conn, Clifford—Night Hawk. Always out at night.
Conn, Grace—Blackbird. Black plumage.
Davis, Norma—Humming bird. Dainty and demure.
De Bolt, Clara—Bear. Very chubby.
Dennis, Cleora—Pheasant. Always takes a prize for beauty.
Dennis, Dorothy—Magpie. Always talking.
Dimon, Marie—Toad. An affectionate animal.
Doane, George—Sloth. Champion loafer.
Duckstein, Wm.—Chimpanzee. Almost a man.
Dullard, Catherine—Cassowary. Likes brilliance.
Dunmire, Ernestine—Caribou. A very rare creature.
Emmack, Estella—Ant eater. Witty.
Esmeyer, Bennie—Giraffe. Exceedingly tall.
Gerhart, Mary—Amoeba. Smallest living organism.
Gowin, Treva—Alligator. Fierce, warlike creature.
Hammerly, Carroll—Cat. Liked by everyone. (Especially girls.)
Hand, Nellie—Seal. Noted for its smooth skin.
Herwehe, Merle—Condor. The strongest bird.
Hickman, Glen—Moose. The largest existing member of a deer family.
Holdworth, Joseph—Monkey. Always playing comical tricks.
Hudson, Wm.—Buzzard. Always around where there is a scrap.
Ives, Roy—Possum. Always bluffing.
Jackson, Marjorie—Walrus. Very rare.
Jasper, Karl—Jackal. Horse. Worth its weight in gold.
Kelly, Durland—Dromedary. Wanders about by itself.
Klouda, Rudolph—Yak. Framed for slow, jerky movements.
Knepper, Charles—Green-headed woodpecker. Has a head as green as grass and hard as wood.
Kracht, Elsie—Tortoise. A very slow moving creature.
Kraeger, Dena—Mole. Blind (to everything but study).
Kunze, Forrest—Buffalo. Very dangerous.
Leary, Margaret—Elephant. Always gets revenge.
Lister, James—Tapir. Sleeps during the day, wanders about at night.
Lowery, Mabel—Raccoon. Easily tamed.
Madoll, Esther—Dormouse. Uninteresting, always sleeping.
Marshall, Maurine—Reindeer. Very quiet, hard-working animal.
Marshall, Thelma—Ferret. Insists on knowing everything.
McCartney, Inez—Ostrich. Fine feathers.
McCullough, Florence—Mocking bird. A beautiful voice.
McLaughlin, Ralph—Horse. Stays where he is put unless he goes away.
McLaughlin, Robt.—Duck. So clumsy it steps on its own toes.
McMurray, Lucile—Dog. Faithful to the end.
Meyers, Vernon—Crane. Very tall.
Moffitt, Amelia—Catamount. A bothersome animal.
Morris, Alvertus—Snake. Is capable of being charmed.
Morris, Velma—Kangaroo. Lovable.
Morrow, Carroll—Sparrow. Always in a fight.
Murdock, Alice—Turkey. Comes from the country.
O'Roake, Cecil—Kite. A high soaring animal.
O'Roake, Leo—Mule. Don't know when he's kicked.
Owens, John—Wolf. Fierce animal.
Pettid, Vera—Snail. Very slow.
Raymond, Russell—Grouse. Gregarious animal.
Reid, Gladys—Red bird. Brightly colored and lively.
Rees, Hazel—Hawk. Investigates all that happens.
Richardson, Stella—Weasel. Graceful and slender.
Richmond, Oliver—Eagle. Powerful bird.
Rogers, Irene—Crocodile. A destructive animal.
Sabin, Edgar—Llama. A clumsy, noisy beast.
Schnathorst, Elizabeth—Goose. Makes fine feather beds.
Schnell, Freda—Rabbit. Quiet, very shy.
Schnell, Le Ora—Pelican. A sociable bird.
Scott, Margaret—Dove. Meek, with loving ways.
Sellman, Florence—Turtle. Has peculiar movements.
Sharp, Hilda—Heron. Has sober plumage.
Slagel, Alta—Sparrow. Familiar, impatient bird.
Smith, Edith—Llama. Small in size.
Smith, Frances—Wren. Small but not forgotten.
Smith, Harold—Leech. Clinging animal.
Smith, Sarah—Chinchilla. Docile.
Smoke, Clinton—Sphinx. Eighth wonder of the world.
Sparks, Avanel—Red Fox. Noted for its red hair.
Spencer, Clarence—Bat. Flies at night.
Stanley, Roy—Quail. A popular bird.
Stanton, Russell—Goat. Always butting in.
Starrett, Ross—Microbe. A saucy little chap.
Stockton, Elvis—Bobolink. Associated with the country.
Tabbert, Anita—Squirrel. Has a great affinity for nuts.
Talbot, Don—Ox. Useful for work.
Thompson, Mildred—Silkworm. Addicted to silks and satins.
Vanatta, Dorothy—Butterfly. So afraid she won't look right.
Walker, Hilma—Meadow Lark. An early bird that catches the first worm.
Wells, Clyde—Moose. Very clumsy.
Westbrook, Merritt—Porcupine. Capable of self defense.
Wheeler, Ella—Yellow Hammer. Always busy.
Williamson, Keith—Eagle. His eyes include all (girls).
Wilson, Edna—Mosquito. A noted pest.
Wormley, Mary—Parrott. Needs no explanation.

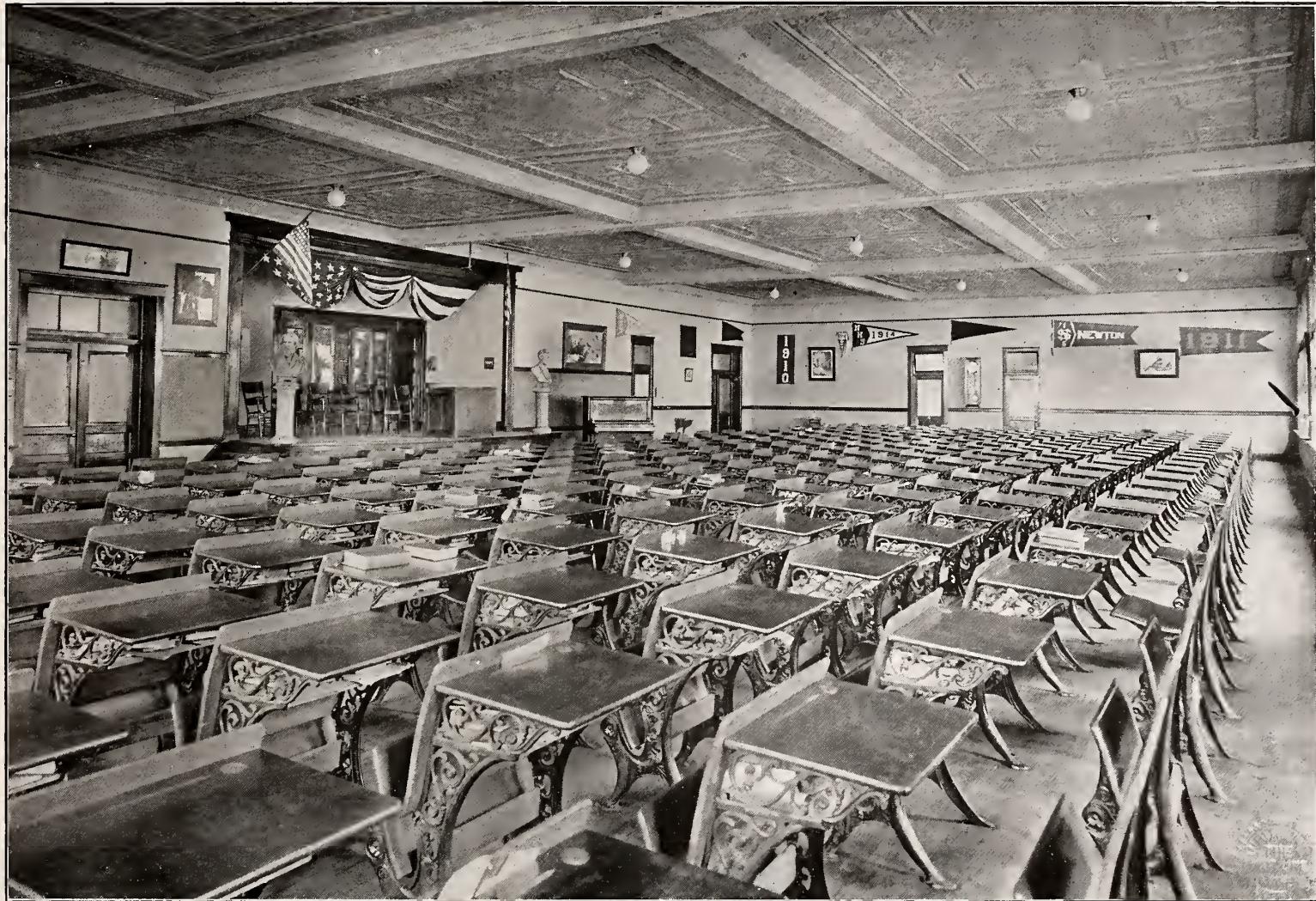


BOOK FUND
LITERACY

There is many a rest in the road of life,
If we would only stop to take it,
And many a tone for a better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it!
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaleth.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jewelled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure.
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to Heaven,
Or only a beggar's greatful thanks
For a cup of water given.

—*Mrs. M. A. Kidder.*



ASSEMBLY ROOM

Fun Under Southern Skies

FIRST PRIZE

A GROUP of merry, chattering boys and girls seated themselves in the ice cream parlor one sultry afternoon, after a long, weary day at school.

There were just nine of them, the odd number being Billy Lee, a tall boy of sixteen, who kept an anxious eye on the street and played indifferently with his ice cream. Billy was friendly with everyone; his only enemy being his curly, blonde hair. Every morning he armed himself with a brush, a pan of water, and the fight was on. How he hated that hair! It wouldn't have been so bad if it had not been so determined to curl, but to be blonde and curly both was too much for Bill. The fact was, he was really good looking and didn't know it.

"It's a shame," said fat little Amy Hues, "that Dorothy Denmore had to stay in on a day like this to work Algebra. We never have a good time without her. That Miss Keggy is a horrid old hen anyway. Some time I'm going to have her arrested for cruel and inhuman treatment of—of—"

"Chatterboxes like you," supplemented Ted Teasdale.

Yet, if you were a close observer you would notice that a general feeling of discontent ran beneath all this gaiety; which was soon proven when Ted's twin sister Teas, said:

"I'm sick of all this! I'm tired of the same everlasting parties, trolley rides and school. There's nothing to do in this poky old town, anyway!"

"Why, how can a winter resort, where twenty thousand tourists come every year, be poky?" answered Ted with some spirit.

"Well, you know yourself that you'd be mighty glad if something exciting would happen."

Just here there was a whirl of white middy blouse, short black curls, scarlet ribbons, and Dorothy Denmore, called Dorothy Dee, sailed into their midst with a "Hello, you all," seated herself at Billy Lee's table and called to the waiter.

"Two chocolate nightcaps, Jim!"

"Two?" asked Billy.

"Yes, suh, two. I'm powahful hungry," she answered in a rich, southern voice. "But what's happened? You all look like a funeral."

"That's just it. Nothing *happens*. We want something exciting or different to do," said Ruth.

Dorothy thoughtfully ate her ice cream a moment, then said:

"Suah, I see. How about a picnic to Pass-a-Grille tomorrow?"

"Why, there's nothing over there but a hotel!"

"Isn't there? Well, you just wait and see! Teas, bring a devil's food cake; Ruth, dill pickles; Barbara, potato salad; Amy, the coffee. All you girls wear middies, and boys, bring your fishing tackle and I'll bring sandwiches, marshmallows and Snookums."

She paused for breath, then rushed on, giving no one time to interrupt. Indeed, no one wanted to. They were used to Dorothy's quick moods and ideas and to being ordered about by her.

"Frank and Ted, have your motor boats ready and I'll have mine. Good-bye. Will see you all tomorrow

mawnin' at nine sharp, at the East Side Dock. I've got to find Snookums."

She disappeared as swiftly as she had arrived. Many an admiring eye followed her as she went through the town towards Denmore Place. She was not a pretty girl. Her nose turned up a trifle too much for that. She got her black eyes from her Spanish mother. The proud, fine lift of the chin, (yet she was not proud) was the exact imitation of old Colonel Denmore, her grandfather, and only living relative. She hardly ever wore a hat but carried it on her arm. Her middy sleeves were always rolled up and she was tanned to a finish. She walked with the free, sure step of an athlete and had a cheery "Howdo" for the negroes and whites alike. Even several dogs recognized that voice and wagged their tails familiarly. Is it any wonder that she was the most popular girl in the school, in fact in the whole town?

At last she reached Denmore Place which looked down upon Tampa Bay. Far up the gravel drive, a great, white, colonial house that had sheltered three generations of Denmores peeked out through the roses that covered the beautiful portico. The great lawn was decorated with huge date palms that swept the grass, tall sentinel-like palmettoes and the pinkest and sweetest smelling of oleander trees. A beautiful Scotch collie came bounding to meet her with joyous barks.

"Come on Czar, ah'll beat you to grandfathah's chair!"

They sprang forward, those two young things. The girl slipped over the ground like an Indian. Czar like a —a—well a Scotch Collie, and of course came out ahead.

Dorothy, after taking a swift survey around, vaulted over the banisters like a boy, feet coming down with a

bang, which made the very cross and stern looking old man, Denmore, blink with surprise. Some people called him Old Man Spy-Glass, for he would sit for hours in his invalid's chair on the shady side of the portico and watch the ships far out on the Bay with a telescope. The only thing he lived for was his grandchild.

But now, he drew his heavy, white eyebrows together, scowled fiercely at her and asked gruffly, "Aren't you ever going to be a lady?"

For an answer she quickly arranged her glossy curls into a big coil on the top of her head, held her skirts daintily by a brown hand which she imagined was jeweled and white as a lily and paraded haughtily before her grandfather, down the steps and out of sight.

She thought she heard a chuckle as she suddenly dropped her ladylike air and ran pell mell to a small, three room house, where Mammy Chloe, an exceedingly large and fleshy, old negress, was ironing her "honey chile's" dresses.

"Oh, Mammy, I smell ginger-bread!" cried Dorothy Dee and helped herself to a slice. She noticed that another *generous* slice had already been taken.

Mammy stopped ironing and came around where Dorothy sat on the arm of a battered rocker, and carefully inspected her. Suddenly she pointed an accusing, black finger at her and exclaimed:

"Law, ma honey chile, you's a gwine ter be de ruin of me. Didn't ah tells yo' to weah dat hat? How's you' 'spose I's gwine ter presarve yo' fine complexion, ef yo' don' min' what ah tells you'?"

Dorothy pouted.

"Why, Mammy, isn't my face sweet enough now, without preserving?"

Mammy snorted indignantly at this bland answer. She had had charge of this wayward child since she was two years old. Dorothy loved her as dearly as she would her own mother had she lived.

She gave her a regular bear hug and inquired where Master Snook Jones, (nicknamed Snookums) her grandson, was.

“Law! Don’ ax me dat. Ah gives him a piece of gingga’bread and tol’ him to behave hisse’f.”

Dorothy set off to find him. She went directly to his favorite haunt. (The largest China-berry tree on the place.) Slipping up quietly, intending to take him by surprise, she found him in the topmost branches, slowly eating the gingerbread and muttering to himself.

“Ah’ll jes’ have ter fes up ter Granny everything ah’s done this week fo’ givin’ me dis here cake, ah will. ‘Cause las’ Sunday at the meetin’ house, de preachah, he say to tell de truf an’ de punchment won’t be so hahd. Les’ see. Ah stole two of Marse Denmo’s watahmellons and two pieces of pie. Ah didn’t go ter school one day an’ ran off to de swimmin’ hole, an’ swiped some pasimmons, but de was *green*.” He made a wry face and Dorothy laughed. He was so startled that he rolled off the branch and landed, unhurt, as a possum, at her feet.

The day was a splendid one, as Dorothy arrived at the dock with Snookums, who could hardly see above the enormous stock of bundles he carried. She gave these final instructions to him:

“Snookums, I want you-all to *hold* the sandwiches so they will be safe from falling overboard. My, I don’t know what we would do without them!”

“Yas, Miss Do’thy, ah reckon ah kin *hol’* a good many.” He grinned impishly.

Dorothy seated herself at the helm and with a cheer the three motor boats chuggety chugged into deeper waters. The air was cool and sweetly scented with the exhilarating smell of the sea, that makes one hold his head high as though he owned the whole world and draw deep breaths to take in all he can.

She squinted her left eye like a true seaman and with a sure, steady hand sent the boat across the bay, leaving a widening trail behind them. The water dashed off the prow in two great white furrows, the spray making her hair curl in damp, little ringlets, about her face. The stiff breeze snatched off her scarlet ribbon and Ruth fastened it to a fishpole for a banner.

They had not gone far before a wild scramble was going on behind her. Billy had a firm hold of Snookum’s collar as they picked themselves up and he sputtered angrily.

“You young spalpeen! I found him *calmly eating those sandwiches*.”

“Well, Miss Do’thy,” he grinned, “yo’ tol’ me to hol’ ‘em, an’ I said I spec’ ah could hol’ a good many, an’ I’s hol’ing six and a half *now*, and would of hol’ the rest fo’ you ef Marster Bill hadn’t knocked ‘em overboard.”

Sure enough, when the laugh at Snookum’s comical interpretation of “hold” had subsided, they discovered those precious sandwiches floating about the water and alas, and worst ever, Teas’ devil’s-food cake could be seen on the sandy bottom of the bay through the clear, transparent water.

“Fare thee well,” said James Radcliff sadly, “you were once devil’s-food. Now you are devil’s food and

fishes' food, both." The merry spirits of the crowd revived.

Farther out over the sparkling water they saw the great porpoises blowing and diving as though they too were going on a picnic. Now and again there was a heavy splash in the water. It was the white pelican catching a fish. It was funny to see how the whole fish that was larger than the pelican's neck, disappeared down into the bag he carried under his beak. This bag stretched out and he kept on maneuvering until he had it swallowed.

In an hour of clear sailing the three boats stopped at the dock on Passe-a-Grille. Picture to yourself a long, narrow island, upon whose outer edge beats the Gulf of Mexico, and between which lies a narrow strait leading into Tampa Bay and you have Passe-a-Grille before you.

The roar of the breakers came distinctly to their ears, although the palms and mangroves hid the blue waters from view. They hastened across the island and there they stood spellbound, surrounded by bamboo and palmetto whose size and luxuriance far surpassed the hot-house plants of the north as the oak does the sapling. There was a long, white stretch of sandy beach, and looking out over the Gulf where the waves beat on the distant reefs, far, far out on the horizon, was seen a great line of breakers dashing spray high into the air. Strange birds, whose screams and weird calls gave one a queer sensation, skimmed over the waves, swooping now and then to catch their prey, the mackerel. A sail or two in the distance, and faintly they heard the puff of a launch as it bore some happy fishing party to one of the passes.

There was a unanimous vote for an early dinner, then for "a high old time." At the hotel some sandwiches

and cake were bought and dinner was over in a "jiffy."

Then, not being able to resist the "come on in" call of the waves any longer, they retired to the bathhouse and appeared in bathing suits. In they went, some only to be knocked down by the white caps. Of course they were frightened at first and many a squeal passed from one to the other as the cold water splashed upon them, but soon they learned the sport of lying flat on their stomachs in shallow water and letting the waves creep up around them. James Radcliff, being an expert swimmer, rode the waves to the great amusement of the other bathers. Dorothy seemed to have gone crazy. She splashed her arms and legs around like an octopus.

For two hours they swam and frolicked among the fairy like keys where the drooping palms bent to the breeze. By that time Teas had a great pile of sea shells of all kinds, periwinkles, conch shells, sea urchins and star fish, piled up on the sand. And Snookums was digging a lovely house.

At last they all came in only to go out again in their boats on a fishing trip. Snookums, whose house was only half finished, stayed behind and watched them go with a sigh of relief. He was seven, but exceedingly small for his age; not much larger than a child of five. And oh, so fat and roly-poly! No wonder he was a favorite, a sort of mascot of the crowd.

What? Do you say you never saw a cute or pretty negro boy? Well, well, you just take a trip down to Florida some week and you'll find some of the nicest little negro children who are just as sweet and hugable as your own little brother or sister. The girls usually wear dozens of tiny "stickups" and tied with as many

colors of ribbon or rags, all over their heads. You would not have to hunt long either, for they are everywhere.

Snookums cocked his head on one side and critically examined the chimney of his house. Not liking it he scowled and began poking his chubby, black fingers into the nice, cool sand ferociously, and scattered it to the winds. Then not heeding Dorothy's last warning he rushed into the water again.

"Huh! Bin in too long have I? How's water goin' to hurt me anyway? While I'se got a big bathtub like this, I'se a gwine to use it."

What fun it was to roll, tumble and splash in the water like a porpoise! How he loved to race with the white caps! Most always he would be knocked down and come up sputtering and blowing, then laugh, halloo and yell and show his pearl-like teeth. It was the first time he had had a chance to exercise his lungs so well in his life.

But suddenly he began to splash, scream and yell in earnest.

"Help, murder! Oh, Miss Do'thy, help; a whale gona eat me, Oh laws ob massy!"

Three men came running from the bathhouse towards him. The bathers, shore walkers and children all gathered near. One of the young men tried to get hold of the terrified Snookums whose arms and legs were revolving like a windmill and splashing everyone with water, but he was slippery as an eel. Finally two of them managed to get him out and what should be hanging from his toe but a little horseshoe crab. Its shiny, black eyes glistened wickedly as though enjoying itself immensely. Nevertheless, its pinchers had only pricked the skin and everyone laughed except Snookums, for he certainly was a funny sight.

When the crowd left him to his own devices again, he wandered aimlessly along the shore, farther and farther, until the bathers were mere dots in the distance. He still gulped down the big lumps that came up into his throat. Now, he was on the opposite side where the lazy waters of Tampa Bay lapped at the sands. All was quiet and serene save the flapping wings of a buzzard that hovered over a paw paw tree, and the measured beat of Old Neptune on the first shoals of Florida's coast. How warm it was and oh, how tired and sleepy he was.

He stopped and looked thoughtfully at a handsome young man asleep beneath the shade of a palm, then turned and muttered to himself as he climbed into a row-boat which was hardly drawn out of the water.

"Ah guess ah'll jus' lay down in here an' res' a while, ah will." He snuggled down comfortably and before you could say Jack Robinson, was sound asleep.

A half hour passed. The tide began to come in, and the boat rocked gently, then as a larger wave than usual struck it, it slipped quietly out of the groove in the sand that had held it before and went gliding over the waves with its precious burden, gathering speed with the coming of every breaker.

Meanwhile the fishing party had returned and were going about the business of getting supper. Ruth was going to bake the mackerel they had caught in an oven dug in the sand. The delicious aroma of coffee made the tardy sight seers hurry to the hotel for their own meals. Dorothy was busy making biscuits which, she declared, would melt in their mouths. At least Mammy Chloe's always did.

"Say," she cried, "where's Snookums?"

"Oh, he'll be coming around pretty soon," said Ted.

"Yes, but we haven't seen him since we came back."

"That's so. We'll have to hunt him up," said Billy.

So a search party was formed, each member going in a different direction. In a short time all returned with no sign of Snookums. The men at the bathhouse and hotel were summoned and the island was searched again and again, but still no Snookums. The whole crowd was frightened by now. Dorothy being almost in hysterics.

"Perhaps he's waded out too far and a breaker carried him away and maybe he's—he's—"

Nobody finished the sentence for her but the stony-hearted hotel proprietor who said in his deep, rumbling bass, "It sure does look that way."

Just then a young man jumped out of a rowboat that landed near by and stooped over something in the bottom. Turning he saw the sad, silent group and motioned with his hand. The hotel proprietor went over but suddenly stopped and threw up his hands in surprise. The others hurried to them and there in the bottom of the boat lay Snookums, all safe and sound asleep.

The young man told them how he had fallen asleep and when he awoke his boat was gone; and how he had finally spied it bobbing around far out on the Bay.

The laughter and fun sounded again and they invited the pleasant, dark and handsome man, whose name was Senor Juan Fernandez, to have supper with them.

The baked fish was delicious, eaten with Dorothy's rolls. When they had eaten all but the bones they assembled on the beach to watch the sunset lights. Then came that swift, sweet change over Nature. Jewel-like in col-

oring, the fairy-like keys seemed to float on a magic sea, heavenly blue, and the dark forms of great birds crossed the red disc of the sun, dipping into the Gulf. Then from Egmont lighthouse sounded the sunset guns.

The shadows of night dropped swiftly upon the island as they gathered driftwood and built a great fire on the beach, toasted marshmallows and talked over the events of the day.

They had found their new friend Senor Juan a fine companion and story teller. He told them all about his old home in Mexico and as time passed and the fire died down to only a few red embers and the shadows crept closer and closer, he naturally drifted into telling the ghost stories that his old servant, Bonita, had told him in his childhood days. Sometimes they were funny, but more often they were—well, just down right *spooky*.

Dorothy, who was very superstitious, having been brought up by Mammy Chloe, would hug Snookums close and stare cautiously at the velvet blackness behind her. The tops of the ragged palmettoes and pines were silhouetted against the starlit sky, making a fine background for the ten awed faces by the firelight.

But at last when Teas discovered Billy Lee was actually asleep, the party picked up all their paraphernalia, scrambled into the boats, bade Juan good-night and sailed across the moonlight bay towards home. Dorothy and Billy's clear, young voices drowning the mournful call of the whip-poor-wills on the shore by earnestly singing "Dixie Land."

—Lucille McMurray.

The Magnetism of "Home Sweet, Home"

SECOND PRIZE

(First letter to Mrs. Pierce from Marjory Pierce, her daughter.)

Worthington, Penn., Merlin College, Sept. 23, 1908.

DEAR MUMSEY: I simply don't like it here. I knew I wouldn't. I've heard of select schools but this one goes them one better and is a select school for a select bunch. It makes me wild to think of how they all looked at me at dinner last night. You know I wore that white organdy of mine with the hand embroidery on the waist. Of course I didn't know that they would dress so swell. There was a Gertrude Rawson (or raw something anyway) that had on a pale blue dress made out of some kind of fluffy stuff. I don't know what it was because I hated to get close enough to her that she'd be compelled to go to the trouble of pulling her skirts aside. Well, anyway she had some diamonds in her hair and some more foxy beads around her neck. There are plenty more like her.

Agnes Malone is the only decent girl I've met yet. She is more like I am but her father's an Irish alderman or something like that, and they thought Agnes should begin to go into better—no! no!—I mean higher society, so they sent her here where all the big bugs go. She isn't so bad though. I like her quite well.

I must tell you about dinner last night. The only two things I knew to be sure of were creamed potatoes and ice cream. The rest of the stuff! I'd have thought they were Italian but I didn't see any spaghetti or garlic so I

concluded they must be French. Everything was good, Mumsey, but I didn't like it half as well as I do one of your good, plain, little suppers.

I'll write every day if I can but maybe it will be two or three days sometimes. Tell Bob and Todd to write to me and ask Elise if she won't come down off her perch and condescend to sign her name on a piece of paper so I can play that she likes to write to me. If there's any danger of her getting married before I get home, Mumsey, make her put it off. Just make her. I'd like to be something at the wedding, but I suppose she'd be afraid I'd fall on her train and drag her down before the multitude. But if I ever get through this place, she'll look rude and uncouth to me. It would just suit her here. She could have all the fine fellows she wanted and there wouldn't be a tomboy and a mischievous brother to tease her like there are at home.

Mumsey, if I thought it was just to suit her stuckupishness and the whim of Todd's girl, Miss Sadie I. Lawrence (Sad-iron Lawless for short), I'd take the very first train home. But if you really want me to stay, Mumsey, I'll try to stick it out for your sake, and yours alone, remember that. Give them all a kiss for me.

Heaps of love,

Your Marjie.

(Third letter from Marjory to her mother, Sept. 30, '08.)

Dear Mamma: I was tickled to death to get your last letters. Tell Bob I'll love him forever for cheering me up so much. I like it a lot better already. I think if I can

save enough out of my allowance, I'll get me some new duds, no, I mean purchase some new gowns for myself. Mumsey, that's the way they talk here—disgusting, isn't it? Maybe some of those snobs will treat me better if I do. I'm not very anxious for their affections.

I really like Agnes Malone. You know I told you she was Irish. She's just a nice, breezy kind and when you know her you like her so much better than at first. I wish I had a sister like her. She's a tomboy, too, and we have the finest times. Of course on the campus we are very dignified and precise, but when we can, we slip away and go for real walks, the kind in which you take real long steps and swing your arms. Then is the only chance we have to enjoy ourselves. None of the other girls are like Agnes. All they talk about is dress, candy, fellows, and stuff like that. They're of no earthly use. I don't know what I'd do if I didn't have an Irishman to cheer me up in my times of need and sorrow, etc., etc.

You may think my letters aren't very full of my studies. Well, they aren't, I'll admit. But they are terrible, all of them. I never realized until I came here that I knew so absolutely nothing. I see where I couldn't have been very good in high school or I'd be better here. I told you what studies I took in the last letter. There isn't anything to tell about them individually—they're all alike, hard, harder, hardest, killing—requiring bushels of work which I unfortunately don't happen to feel like giving them bnt, oh, well, (that's a sigh) I'll get through some way.

I'm awful sleepy—it's only half past eleven. I really have studied hard tonight. Wish I was there to kiss you good-night.

Marjie.

(Fourth letter from Marjory to her mother, October 5.)

Dear Family: Agnes has quit. She was sick and the doctor made her quit. What will I do? I'll die of anemia or broken heart or something, I just know. I don't know anybody else here. The girl across the hall came over the other night to ask about Latin, but she's the only one besides Anne that has ever been in.

I'd give my garnet earrings to be home for a week. I'd like to make Elise stay here. She'd blubber all the time.

Did I tell you I was going to save up enough money to buy me some new clothes? I think I'll have to wear my kimona and bathrobe to everything from this on. It's impossible for me to be economical.

Good-night,

Marjorie.

(Fifth letter to Mrs. Pierce from Marjorie.)

Dear Mumsey: I simply can't stand it here any longer. I'm simply a social outcast since Agnes left. Nobody has anything to do with me. If I stay here another two weeks I'll come home in ashes (because they cremate everybody here). I'm getting poor. I think it's the atmosphere.

That hateful Gertrude Rawson calls me "the country pigtail." The hateful cat. I'd like to put a firecracker under her. She'd only shrug her shoulders, elevate her eyebrows, and say, "So?" with a rising inflection. I hate her.

Oh, Mumsey, can't you send me a telegram so I can come home. Any excuse will do just so I can get out of this hole. Please if you want to have a tomboy any more, let me come.

Marjie.

This last letter arrived at the Pierce home in the afternoon and was immediately devoured eagerly by Mrs.

Pierce. Then with an anxious frown on her forehead, she took it up to Elise's room. That young lady opened it very calmly and precisely and started to read it. Mrs. Pierce stooped down to examine an imaginary spot in the carpet and while so doing surreptitiously wiped her eyes. She watched her daughter closely, hoping to see some sign of sympathy expressed in the impassive features, but in this she was disappointed. Elise folded the letter as precisely and calmly as she had unfolded it and handed it back to her mother with the serene remark, "She's getting a little homesick, isn't she?"

At this all the mother's indignation was aroused.

"Elise Pierce" she cried, "You unfeeling girl! You ought to be ashamed of yourself! You were the cause of her being sent there just because you happened to think she wasn't grown up enough and acted too tomboyish to suit your new-fangled notions. It's a pretty note that your father and I have to bring up the rest of the family to please you. Marjie is going to come home and stay home and I want you to understand that."

"Well, for the first time since she's been old enough to tear around we've lived in peace. We've had five weeks of vacation anyway. When she comes back she'll be wilder than ever," Elise replied, angrily, and went on with her reading as if to say she had done all she could to afford the family peace, but if they desired to have Marjorie home again, it was their business.

Her mother returned to her mending. She tried to hum little tunes as she worked, but they were conspicuously lacking in real feeling and melody and by supper time her handkerchief was suspiciously moist.

She placed the letter by Mr. Pierce's plate that evening and he read it aloud to the family. Elise turned up her

nose on first mention of Marjorie and asked for the potatoes. When the communication was finished Bob, the youngest brother, declared with a husky voice:

"I'll go after her tomorrow. She shan't stay there another minute if I can help it."

"Let's let her come, mother," begged Todd.

"Shall we?" Mr. Pierce looked questioningly at his wife.

"I don't care."

"Well, I'll go for her tomorrow, but if they say anything about it what shall I tell them?" Bob asked.

"Well, tell them I am not well and need her at home to help me."

"That hateful Rawson girl! I'd like to get hold of her, I'd scare her out of what sense she did have," interrupted Todd. "The idea of calling our Marjorie 'Country Pigtail.'"

All this time Elise kept disdainfully aloof from the conversation. But no one noticed her, because she had been such a factor in sending Marjorie away to acquire a polish and culture totally foreign to the manners of the tomboyish girl and they knew that she would not be anxious for her sister to return.

After some further discussion it was decided that Mrs. Pierce should write to her daughter the following day and ask her to come as she was needed very much by her mother.

After supper Bob announced that he had to go downtown for some envelopes, but it might be added that he stopped also in the vicinity of the telegraph office.

The next morning Marjorie awoke with the ache in her heart deeper than ever before, at the prospect of spending another day among those "snobs" as she

termed them. A knock on the door, however, soon disturbed her disagreeable meditations and she sprang out of bed to answer it.

“Wonder who it is?” she murmured.

Then, “Oh, it’s the chambermaid of course. Nobody else ever comes here,” she said, bitterly.

It was the chambermaid, but—

“A telegram for you, Miss Pierce,” announced that personage, respectfully.

Marjorie tore open the envelope with nervous fingers and hurriedly scanned the following:

“Come at once. Dan injured in football. Don’t worry.—Bob.”

She was overcome with amazement. Who in the world was Dan? She knew no Dan that played football. Then a look of realization passed over her face.

“Dan hurt in football!” she giggled nervously.

“Poor Dan!” she laughed.

“The very idea of Dan being hurt in football! Dear old Bob.” She fairly doubled up with laughter and sank into a chair, simply overcome by the seemingly sad news of Dan’s injury.

Then, hastily realizing the necessity of immediate action on her part, she quickly dressed and hurried, telegram in hand, to find the dean.

“Oh, Miss Porter,” she exclaimed sorrowfully, “My brother wired me to come home at once. Dan’s hurt.”

“My poor child,” even the brusque dean sympathized with her, “And who is Dan may I ask?”

“He’s my bro—uo, my cou—no, I mean my b-b-brother,” she sobbed hysterically.

“Well, that is a misfortune, indeed. I believe there

is a train on which you may go that leaves here at about an hour and twenty minutes from now.”

Marjorie brightened perceptibly at the assurance of her being able to leave immediately. But she controlled her joy and again sobbed quite agonizingly.

“Will you need any assistance to prepare for the journey?” asked the formal, business-like Miss Porter.

“No, thank you. I guess not,” and Marjorie rushed hurriedly away, glad that she had passed the inspection of the critical Miss Porter so well.

By the time she had reached her room, her tears were dry and a smile played around her mouth—a very unusual thing for one who had received such sad (?) news.

Next she began her rounds of packing. I say rounds because that is the only word that expresses the way she filled her bag and trunk. Trinkets, books, dresses, all went in the same way and found a resting place cross-wise, on one end, or in a heap, as they happened to alight. In less than a half hour the room was stripped of all Marjorie’s belongings.

The next disturbing problem was to fasten the lid of the overflowing trunk. She sat on it and tried to close it herself but it was not so simple as it had appeared. She stood up and jumped on it but the most she could do was to get it to within two inches of the proper place.

“Oh, I know what I’ll do. I’ll get Mildred to help me.”

Out of the room she bounced, but realizing that she was not acting in a very sad manner, sobered down and knocked quietly at the door of the girl across the hall.

“Oh, Mildred, my c-e—brother is hurt and I have to go home. Come over and help me shut my trunk, please.”

“Your brother! Which one?”

“Dan.”

"I didn't know you had a brother Dan. I thought they were Bob and Todd."

"Well, we call him Bob for a nickname."

"How did he get hurt?"

"In football."

"But I thought Bob stayed in your father's store," persisted Mildred.

"Well, he doesn't. He goes to high school," Marjorie answered glibly yet quite impatiently.

"He's older than you, isn't he?"

"Yes, he's a year older. He's a Senior this year." She said this without flinching.

"Oh, I see, I suppose he stays in the store outside of school hours."

"No, he does not! I can't get my trunk shut. Can you come over and help me?"

"Certainly. I had forgotten."

After a while of tugging and pulling, the trunk was securely fastened. By that time it was almost thirty-five minutes until the train was due. The station was a half mile from the campus.

Mildred picked up the telegram.

"Why, here's Bob signed to the telegram," she exclaimed.

"Well—Oh, is it? Oh, I suppose they just signed it for fun." Marjorie was rapidly losing patience.

"Oh, I see." But the look in Mildred's face was one of bewilderment and doubt, not of understanding and comprehension.

"Goodness, I shouldn't think you'd need to take your trunk now."

"Oh, good land! Mildred," Marjorie was now thoroughly impatient. "I thought I might have to stay and

help take care of him. Oh, goodness! I've only got thirty minutes to walk to the station.

She jumped into her coat and fairly slammed her hat down over her head.

"Oh, say! will you call a man to take my trunk down? I forgot to do it. Here's a half dollar."

"Wait, it's only forty cents. I'll get the dime."

"No, never mind."

In a moment she was flying down the corridor. Mildred rushed to the window and watched her friend until a bend in the street hid her from view. Then, turning back into the room she said musingly, "It does look queer about that brother business. I shouldn't think she'd take her trunk."

That same morning Todd Pierce incidentally stopped at the telegraph office on the way to his work. Before venturing very far out of the door, he looked up and down the street very cautiously, as if assuring himself that there was no one near to observe his exit from that particular place.

Soon after Todd had gone down the street, Mr. Pierce appeared before the very same office and acted in much the same way as his son had behaved. It really was rather suspicious.

At the evening meal Mrs. Pierce announced that she had sent a letter to Marjorie to tell her to come home at once. Bob smiled slyly to himself; Todd coughed to hide his nervous excitement and Mr. Pierce looked very intently at his plate.

"Is this beefsteak or pork, Mother?" he said confusedly.

"Why, Father, what is the matter with yon? It's beefsteak of course."

"I told Marjorie to come on the evening train tomorrow," she continued.

Elise sniffed disdainfully.

"You know she wouldn't get my letter until in the morn—"

Her speech was suddenly cut short by a whirlwind figure bursting in at the door, rushing madly across the room and hugging Mrs. Pierce around the neck so tight that she was nearly choked.

"My own sweet Mumsey," she murmured, and fairly stifled her mother with a shower of kisses.

"You darlings, for managing it so well," she finally managed to exclaim. Then each one received his share of the loving greeting. She rather hesitated when she came to Elise, but it was for a moment, then she bestowed upon her the same amount of hngs and kisses.

Everybody was excited. Bob jnmped up from his chair and they all talked at once. Mrs. Pierce was almost too amazed to be able to say anything, but finally recovered herself and almost shouted so as to be heard above the din and confusion:

"Listen! Listen, Marjorie! what do you mean by coming now? How'd they let you go?"

"Why, Bob's telegram, of course."

"Bob's telegram! Why, what telegram?"

"Why, the one he sent me."

"You, Bob?" Mrs. Pierce exclaimed.

"Yes, Bob's and Todd's and Daddy's. I got all kinds of bad news."

"Why, I didn't know anything about it." Mrs. Pierce was still bewildered.

"Well, I'll tell the whole story as soon as I get off my things."

Her coat landed on one chair, her hat in the corner, and gloves, handkerchief and purse were deposited in various other places.

"Well, this morning, I got a telegram from Bob saying that Dan was hrnt in football. The very idea! I couldn't realize at first that it was our dear little colt's name borrowed for the occasion. But the thought of Dan being hurt in football! It was too ridiculous. The dean didn't think anything about it because I cried so realistically when I took the message to her. I got ready and asked Mildred to help me fasten my trunk. She was bound to find out all about it and I thought sure that she'd find out that he wasn't my brother, as I told the dean, but I guess she believed me.

"When I got to the station, the train was two hours late. As I got my ticket, in handling the money, I just happened to think that I had left a five dollar bill pinned to the inside of the curtain in front of the bed, just like me, isn't it? I wouldn't have gone back for anything but money so I proceeded to follow the beloved path to the dormitory. When I got there Todd's and Papa's telegrams were waiting for me. These had been given to the dean and of course I had to interview her. Todd's said, 'You're needed very badly. Jack very ill with appendicitis. Come.' I almost had to laugh at this. It seemed like our animals had grown suddenly human and possessed the happy faculty of acquiring human diseases. Wasn't it ridiculous—our old collie Jack with the appendicitis? The dean noticed that I didn't act very extremely grieved but said nothing. But when she has her eyes on you she might as well tell you anything as to look at you—because you feel so withered up under her steady, cold gaze. You know how some teachers can look

right through you. Well, she can all right. Then she gave me Daddy's message saying Mumsey had the pneumonia. Well, I was scared then. I guess I really acted so too for a I felt the dean soften up a little. I was worried then all right enough. But when Miss Porter said sarcastically, 'All your troubles seem to be coming at one time,' with the emphasis very much on the 'seem,' I got so mad at her I didn't think about anything else. The idea! She didn't know whether Mamma was sick or not or how bad she was or anything. Neither did I. And then to say that—in the way she said it! I began to cry and I told her just what I thought and why I left and everything—the whole business. I tried to talk so fast that she couldn't say anything and when I was through I made a run for the station. She was no more glad to get rid of me than I was to bid her a fond farewell and to turn my back on the whole Merlin College.

"I want everyone to understand that this ends my college career and after this I'm going to stay at home forever. Am I not, Mumsey?" She laid her arms lovingly about her mother's shoulders and kissed her.

"No, sir," she whispered softly, "I'll never leave my own dear Mumsey for all the stuckup Elises and Sad Irons or anybody. Will I? No, sirree."

Mrs. Pierce exchanged wise glances with Mr. Pierce and said, "No, Marjorie, I certainly hope not."

Bob agreed heartily.

"So do I, Sis, you'll be my cook when I'm an old bachelor, won't you?" laughed Todd.

"Old bachelor, yes." Marjorie seemed to doubt any earnestness of his appeal.

"No, I'm going to stay right here. I'll never leave home for anybody," she continued emphatically.

"Well, I certainly pity the person that gets her if she ever does leave home," Elise muttered in a low tone and started to hang up the belongings of her tomboyish sister, which their owner had scattered from one end of the room to the other.

"Talk about college career—the girls would certainly have to be more independent than Marjorie," she murmured.

Then in a breath, "It does seem kind of good to have her home, though."

—*Ona Kating.*



Never To Be Forgotten Days

THIRD PRIZE



NEVER took much stock in ghost stories. They never fit very well with my idea of things. But one ghost yarn nearly spoiled a lot of our fun.

When Uncle was in Southern Arizona he said he often heard stories that bears could be found in large numbers in the mountains. These bears had always made more or less trouble for the ranchers, but uncle never had any trouble on his big cattle ranch until lately, when an old bear came down and killed a fine heifer. Uncle was determined to see what he could do to exterminate the grizzly brutes.

So speaking to Buckskin, his ranch manager, he said, "Tomorrow, Buckskin, we start for the bear."

Buckskin, or "Buck" as he generally was called, looked up to see if he meant what he said. Satisfied that he did, he replied, "Well, you'll have to go without me."

There was such an unusual tone in the old guide's voice, that Uncle was taken by surprise.

"You don't mean to say you will not go," he finally said.

"Well, I wish you wouldn't put it just that way," replied Buck. "It isn't that I don't want to go or am afraid to go but—"

"Must be the country is haunted," interrupted Uncle.

Buck looked quickly from the corners in his eyes. The very suggestion gave him a shock. He evidently thought the time had come to make a full confession.

"Now the fact is just this. You fellows may laugh but it's no laughing matter."

Then Buck began to tell his story with great seriousness.

"Years ago a mining crew was in those mountains. They had had a prosperous winter of mining, and were taking the copper ore down to the railroad. One day a Frenchman, named Jacques Xavier, was taking a heavy load of ore down; it was just about sundown one evening. As he passed the camp the cook hollered to him, "Jacques, supper's most ready, better call it a day's work and quit."

"I'll take this load down tonight or eat supper in h——," he replied.

"It was long after, and Xavier had not returned. The foreman became anxious and ordered three men down to see if anything had happened. There they found him under a big chunk of ore, with his chest crushed and all life gone. Little did he realize what was waiting for him when he talked of eating supper on the other side.

"A few nights later I was going down the river after bear with a sportsman. We had just reached the spot in the river near where Xavier had died, when the boat stopped as though it had struck a rock. I couldn't see anything, yet I could not move the boat. Then I heard something like moaning. It made me think of Xavier under the ore. Still I wasn't frightened. I looked on the bank and there was a man bending over as though something was the matter with his back. He was the most awful looking sight I had ever seen. The moaning kept up continually, and I thought some of the men from the

camp were trying to play a trick on us, and the sportsman wanted to shoot, but I kept him from that.

"Now I tell you I never believed in ghost stories but that was the spirit of old Xavier. He walked squarely out on the shore, and down a short distance and waded across. He climbed on the bank near us and hobbled into the woods, still moaning.

"We were both so frightened by this time that we were shaking like poplar leaves. The sportsman was white as a sheet, and although I couldn't see myself I know I must have been the same color."

"Why didn't you catch him, Buck?" said Uncle, who was so amused he could hardly ask the question with a serious face.

"Now, I said don't tell this," continued Buck, with grave seriousness. "Men always laugh when they hear the story, but no man laughed who was there that night. We went back to camp and told the rest about it. At first they took it as a good joke. Then I persuaded half a dozen to take a boat and go down to the dam.

"When they came near the dam, their boat stopped just as ours had. That was enough for some of them. One Canadian jumped overboard and started for the shore as though chased by a demon. The other men were trying desperately to start the boat, when a figure walked out on the shore again.

"'Old Xavier,' shouted one of the men, and all tumbled overboard, deserted the boat, waded ashore, and ran, tumbling over rocks and brushes on the way to camp.

"One poor fellow fell on a rock and broke his leg. Not a man had enough courage to help him, and I had to go back with the sportsman and bring him in. It was the most tragic night I ever saw. He was half hidden

in mud and ore, shouting the most agonizing sounds for help.

"There was no sleep in camp that night, and by daylight next morning every man had his few possessions packed and was starting for the nearest railroad."

"What became of the ore?" asked Frank.

"Every piece of ore mined is still lying by the river. The company tried everywhere, but they never succeeded in securing enough men to complete the job."

"I wouldn't go for all the dollars you could pile on a table." So we all thought that settled our bear hunt.

A couple of weeks later after the bear had made another raid, Frank, Jack, and their uncle, after a couple hours of coaxing finally succeeded in getting Buckskin to go on the hunt.

Frank and Jack fairly flew around, singing, "Says he'll go if we guarantee not to go within a mile of the old mine." So at last they came to terms.

"All right, boys, I'll see that you both have guns," said their uncle. "We will get an early start and do most of our riding before it gets too hot, then after we have bagged our game we can wait till sunset and ride home in the coolness of the evening."

After getting an early start they arrived at the mountains before it was very hot.

"What do you think of this for a place to rout out a bear?" quoted Mr. Westen as he drew up his pony.

The boys glanced around them, and it was a wild prospect that greeted their eyes.

They had entered the rocky foot-hills of the Rockies that stretched far down into Arizona.

"Do we leave the ponies here, Uncle?" asked Frank

as he glanced around, so as to take in all the grand scenery.

"Yes, stake them out where they can get a bit to eat while we're gone."

Jack snapped a picture of a big rock and was greeted by a good natured laugh from his uncle.

"That looked so good I just had to do it, but the next one will be a picture of Mr. Grizzly, and say, Uncle, we won't have to tell him to look pleasant, will we?"

"Oh, I've no doubt but that when he knows what you're after he'll just rear up on his hind legs and grin like a booby," said Frank. "I guess the grizzlies don't often get a chance to have their picture taken, and he will be obliged to you for the opportunity."

"No hurry," said Mr. Westen, "let's take it easy while Buckskin skirmishes around to see if he can locate signs of our four-footed friend up yonder in any of the rocks. He is probably sleeping off the effects of his last evening's supper, in some cozy den."

"But suppose the bear should happen along here after we're gone, and take a notion to tackle one of our ponies, Uncle. Wouldn't it be tough luck?" said Jack as he tampered with his camera to make sure it was in good condition, if they were lucky enough to come across old Bruin.

"Well, you are the greatest hand to think up trouble I ever saw," declared the rancher. "That never has occurred around here yet, and ten chances to one it won't, but I reckon we'll have to risk it, unless one of you boys choose to set here and stand guard."

But neither could be induced to lose the glorious opportunity to see a grizzly at home in the rockies.

Both were anxious to do a little of the shooting if possible, for each claimed to be a good marksman.

They were sitting quietly on a boulder when a rattling of small stones announced that something was coming. Not that he suspected any danger might be hanging over their heads, the hand of Mr. Westen unconsciously crept out to where his repeating Marlin lay.

But it turned out to be Buckskin, with a wide grin decorating his bronzed face, which Frank knew meant that he had found the den which he was so positive was the one occupied by Bruin.

"Hit her the first thing," he chirped, "and, believe me, things look good for finding our chief at home. He dragged that heifer all the way up there, consarn his old hide. I could see marks of blood on his doorsill, and here's hopin' that this will be the last heifer he will steal from any ranch."

The four then commenced to climb the rocky slope, which, with some difficulty, they ascended. Having walked about a quarter of a mile, Buckskin exclaimed, "There she is," pointing his rifle in the direction of the den, and upon looking they found innumerable evidences of the fact that some animal had long been in the habit of passing in and out of the fissure.

"Why, here's a bunch of brown hair sticking to this sharp point of rock, rubbed off when he scraped past," declared the keen eyed Frank, immediately after taking a look around.

"Good for you, my lad," exclaimed the rancher, pleased at the evidences of alertness. "Yes, that came from the hide of a 'Mountain Charlie,' as they call them out in California. You see how coarse it is. But I hope

we'll get the real thing before we gallop back home for our supper late tonight."

"How about him rushing out and surprising us, Uncle?" asked Jack. "Perhaps the old fellow mightn't like to have company dropping in on him without an invite, and then you see I couldn't have any focus at all, which would spoil my picture."

"No need of worrying about that, my lad," said the rancher. "He's lying in there as snug as you please, with his stomach full of that juicy heifer; and it'll be a hard proposition for us to coax him to come out for an interview at all. The chances are Buckskin'll have to smoke the old villain out, and we might as well begin to make arrangements; and you can bet that when he comes out, he'll be mad as hops at being treated to a nice smoke."

"Got your focus all right, have you?" said Mr. Westen, when he heard Jack give a grunt as if satisfied.

"Yes, and I think," said Jack, "I will make a good picture of it, if I don't go and foozle, because of stage fright when the old rascal comes roaring out and asks what we want."

"Well, if we're all ready, perhaps you'd better get busy, Buckskin, and see if you can bring him out with a few cowboy yells. If that fails, there's some wood; and I notice you grabbed some stinch weed as you come along. That will fetch him dead sure, when it gets to smouldering. Sometimes I think it would bring a dead man to life, it is that powerful. We'll leave this little log across the gully just as we did to cross on, and Buckskin, when you jump over, for heaven's sake, give it a kick; and that'll put a gap between you and the bear, so he can't get at you if he fails to fall under our fire."

So Buckskin set to work trying to coax the old bear out by calling him names, but his efforts were fruitless.

The other three stood with varied emotions.

"Listen to Buckskin calling him all kinds of names, would you," exclaimed Frank, a few minutes later. "If that bear only understood half he's been called, he couldn't stand it a minute longer, but the poor old chap's education has been neglected, so he doesn't know cowboy lingo. I reckon he never opens his eyes, but keeps dozing right along. He hasn't lost any cowboy and so he doesn't want to be bothered. No good, is it, Buckskin?"

"Not yet, but if I was as good a hand at calling names and rattling off the lingo as Puffer Pete, chances are he'd just have to show a leg. Well, here's to open up a little smoke spell with the boss."

So arranging the wood, he exclaimed, "Now it is all right for 'biz'; watch my smoke, fellers. Hi there, old man, you've just got to wake up and let us take a look at your mug; there she goes, whoopla."

A curl of smoke rose lazily up, was caught by a draught and was sucked directly into the den, and at last a big cloud was leaving on its fruitful mission.

"Now for the scent weed," he called out, and placed it on top of the pile, so that the scent would be drawn into the den.

"Wow! that's fiercee," Buckskin whooped, grabbing hold of his nose, while with his other hand he clutched his gun.

He was bending down, listening to catch the first low growl, to indicate that old Bruin had awakened and was snuffing the smoke.

Buckskin's attitude now told how much he stood in readiness for a lively sprint, as soon as the signs would

indicate that the old bear was rushing in terrible rage for the exit.

All at once they saw the crouching cowboy galvanized into life. He leaped to his feet and made a lively sprint for the little log crossing the gap. No need to ask what induced his haste, for action spoke louder than words in this case.

“Ready, Jack!” hoarsely spoke the ranchman. And a cold thrill crept over them all as the head of the monster was thrust out of the hole in the wall.

Jack had his kodak in line with the opening and then he crouched ready to do some good work.

“Oh!”

It was Jack who uttered the cry, as the big dun colored bulk rushed directly across the pile of smoking fire, scattering it right and left, as he gave a fearful roar that made the echoes ring.

Jack pushed the bulb at this minute and with his quivering fingers turned the films for another shot at old Bruin.

“Steady, Jack, brace up and take your time,” said Frank, who was anxious to pour out a volley of fire from his Marlin.

By this time the animal had discovered the running Buckskin, and immediately started in hot pursuit, as if he recognized the human who had made his eyes smart so with that pungent smoke. Frank realized why Buckskin, wise fellow as he was, had lost not a second about getting started when he knew the bear was coming.

He cast one glance over his shoulder as he reached the end of the log. Discovering the grizzly shuffling along swiftly in his wake and snorting with anger, the cowboy immediately started to cross the log; once he slipped,

and for a second or two it looked as though he would drop into the gully fifteen or twenty feet below; but by a desperate struggle Buckskin managed to climb up again, and the rest of the way was covered on his hands and knees.

The bear was still coming on, apparently in no wise daunted by the hot fire that was being poured into him by Frank and Mr. Westen. At every shot Frank fully expected to see the huge beast go tumbling over, but in spite of it all, the bear kept rushing after Buckskin. Andy was still working his kodak and taking more pictures.

As soon as the cowboy managed to climb upon solid rock he started to dislodge the log; but it proved to be a little more difficult a task than had been expected. Three times he made the effort, but only moved it a few inches each occasion.

With the bear still coming on, as though capable of standing a hurricane of lead, it looked serious enough. If the bear succeeded in crossing that log, what might not happen to the hunters.

Frank felt a cold chill creep over him as he contemplated such a possibility, and realized that the magazine of his Marlin was getting low.

Jack rushed to the rescue just in time. Dropping his kodak, he hurried to the side of the panting Buckskin.

“Now, together,” he shouted, as he took hold of the end of the log.

It slipped from its anchorage just as the grizzly reached the opposite bank.

Then Bruin stopped in his mad advance just in time to keep from rolling into the gully below and gave a few short snuffs.

This gave the marksmen a better chance to place their bullets where they were most apt to count. Frank took deliberate aim back of the fore leg, and pulled the trigger. He saw that he had at last reached the vital organ. And the bear actually weakened and fell over, though still struggling to keep on his feet and show a grim front.

"That did for him, Frank; no use to waste any more ammunition on him," declared Mr. Westen.

"Well, that's my last shot anyway, so I couldn't do anything more until I recharged the magazine of my gun," remarked Frank.

"And unless I'm mistaken, my weapon is in the same condition," chuckled Mr. Westen. "So you see what a lot of lead a grizzly can digest before knuckling under."

"There, the old critter has tumbled over, and that's his last kick," said Buckskin, who was still panting from his recent exertion.

"Say, Jack, d'ye want to snap one of Mr. Westen and Frank standing on the game? I reckon I know how to aim, and to do the focus work and press that rubber thing," said Buckskin.

"But we've got to cross first, and there's our bully old bridge down at the bottom of the gully, but here's another that will do just as well," remarked the ranchman, and then they placed the log for the return passage.

Then one after the other they walked across. In fact Jack and Buckskin were so anxious to see what the grizzly looked like that they neglected to pick up their guns, which they had dropped at the time their attention was needed to move the log.

Jack insisted that their uncle line up along side the dead grizzly. "You helped knock him out, and ought to

be here more than me," he declared when the rancher showed signs of holding back; and so the three were finally grouped in a manner to allow the game to be shown in full so that all appeared in the picture.

Jack arranged things to suit himself, gave Buckskin charge of the camera, and took his place along side Frank and the rancher.

"Be sure and hold the camera steady as a rock when you press the bulb," shouted Jack. Instantly Buckskin pressed the bulb, and a grand whoop from all followed.

"Right there with the goods, and a regular bull's eye at that," shouted Buckskin. "I'm the boss boy with the picture machine, let me tell you. You see if that ain't a family group to be proud of. Want any more, Jack? Just warble the word to Buckskin; he'll try to accommodate you—he sure will. How about standin' the 'bar' up on his hind legs, and take him that—

"W—W—O—W! Holy smoke, thunder and sunshine! Look what's comin' in on us, would you; another 'bar' and bigger than this one. It must be the mate to our game, and lookin' kinder mad at us. Whar's my gun? What in creation did I do with that six shot pepper box? Run boys, he's chargin' us."

Things started to happen about that time. Conditions could hardly have been worse; for while Frank and Mr. Westen had their rifles along, the magazines had been exhausted in their recent shooting affair, while the only two serviceable guns lay on the other side of the gap that was spanned by the log.

"Get to the bridge as fast as you can," called the rancher.

It might have been noticed that Jack did not wait for a separate invitation; he simply ran for the avenue of

escape without once looking around him. And both Frank and Mr. Westen kept him pretty close company, but Buckskin ran so fast he left them all in his dust.

But now the boys understood why Buckskin had made such mad haste. He had suddenly remembered that the guns that were charged had been left across on the other side, and somebody must charge the bridge in order to lay hands on them.

It was very fortunate for all concerned that the grizzly did not see fit to charge as ferociously as had his dead mate, for in such a case the chances were they sure would have mixed with the long, cruel claws of the monster, before the lot could cross to safety. The newcomer stopped to sniff at the body of the other bear, this delayed things a few seconds, just long enough for all to cross the gap safely; and history repeated itself as far as hurling the log into the gully was concerned.

Already Buckskin was ready with his repeater and Jack, not to be left in the lurch, scrambled over to where his gun lay.

Once more the battle was resumed with terrific fire from the hunters.

Rendered furious because of his wounds and his inability to get at the objects of his hatred, the bear finally rushed straight at them, and of course toppled over the edge into the gap.

In the meanwhile Mr. Westen and Frank were getting fresh cartridges into the magazines of their guns, as fast as their trembling hands could accomplish the feat, for no one could tell how many shots might be necessary before the life of the monster was snuffed out.

“He’s dropped in!” exclaimed Jack, who had man-

aged to discharge his rifle twice and seemed to think he had done the great deed.

“Look out for him coming up the sides,” cried the rancher, trying to get his weapons serviceable again.

“No danger,” shrieked Buckskin, who, on hands and knees at the edge of the gully was trying to find out what condition the bear was in. “He’s gone and cashed his cheek by this time, and say, he’s a whopper. And let’s get ready in case there happens to be a whole menagerie of the varmints around this diggings; and he sure is stone dead.”

“Let’s some of us go down to him,” cried Frank.

“You bet we will,” echoed Jack. “I want that bear skin the worst kind. “How can we do it, Uncle?”

The rancher knew easily enough how it was to be gotten and so things were prepared.

“Just think of bagging two bears on the same afternoon,” exclaimed the tired Jack. “I’d like to have my picture taken with my foot on the game, but it’s too dark down there, and so that’s all off.”

“What’s to hinder me taking you in that position with the other bear?” uttered Frank. “We could slew it around a little so it wouldn’t look like the same as the first picture, and having two bears would prove we got that many.” So Jack posed and had his picture taken with his foot on the head of the bear and his gun in one hand.

It required considerable time to remove the two hides, but the cowboy knew how to go about it, and Mr. Westen also was handy with a hunting knife, but at last the task was accomplished.

They still had some time to rest for the sun was too high and it was too hot for the return trip.

As they were gazing off into the distance Frank, who was constantly thinking of something new, burst out, "Say, Uncle, suppose those bears had cubs in there, wouldn't they starve? Hadn't we better go in and see?"

"Good idea," said Mr. Westen. "Perhaps we had better investigate and see for certain."

So they agreed to investigate and see if there was any possible chance for some cubs in the den. Buckskin rustled up some material for torches as the rest re-examined their guns.

"Say, Buck," said Jack, who was looking at some far off object, "isn't that a log cabin over there in the clearing?"

"Yes," said Buck. "That cabin is one of the oldest landmarks in these woods. It was built by an Indian more than seventy-five years ago. He and his squaw lived there for more than twenty years."

"We may be glad it still stands," suggested Jack. "It looks like a storm in the west, and the cabin will be dry."

"Don't catch me sleeping in that place," declared Buck with a great emphasis.

"You don't want to get wet, do you?" asked Jack.

"Rather be soaked than to sleep there," replied Buck. "You couldn't tempt any guide in this region to sleep in that place, if he had to be in the wet for a month."

"Haunted?" exclaimed Jack.

"No, not exactly haunted," said Bnek, "but I couldn't sleep in there without seeing all sorts of things and hearing queer noises all night."

Then he began with a story. "About fifty years ago, the Indian who lived in the cabin went on a hunt. His wife was fishing in a creek. The cabin was full of dried fish. The smell must have been enough to draw all the

wild beasts of the forest. Anyhow, the old Indian returned before his wife, and, having on soft moccasins, he made no sounds as he approached the cabin. The door was open, so he must have thought his wife was within. When he stepped inside, there stood a big black bear and her cub. He had stood his gun just outside the door, so had only his knife for protection. The bear immediately saw the situation she was in and showed fight. So a great fight started. He must have fought desperately for everything was upset, his shoulders were bitten, and his left arm nearly chewed off. He also inflicted such wounds in her that she was found dead a short distance from the cabin. But his strength had given out, and she fastened her great teeth in his throat, and then the struggle must have been short. When his squaw returned he was lying in a pool of blood on the cabin floor—dead. If I slept in a place like that, I'd see all sorts of ghosts. Give me the rain."

The storm soon passed over with no rain worth mentioning, and they proceeded to explore the den.

As they neared the end, low baby-like growls were detected, and as a bright light was cast back, the forms of two small cubs were visible.

Small as they were they showed signs of fight, and only after using a long pole with a rope loop on the end and slipping it over their heads did they manage to capture them.

Both cubs, now prisoners at the end of a rope, were dragged back to the entrance of the cave.

"Say," said Jack, "they will just fit in our knapsacks."

"Capital idea," exclaimed Uncle, as he walked over and emptied them. "They will just fit," he said. "The

canvass is so thick they can't bite through, and once we get them in, I'll tie down the flaps, put 'em on my back and start for home."

"I'll hold the bag, Buck," said Uncle, "while you lower the cub in."

That seemed simple, but there was only one point on which they had failed to reckon—his kicking, tumbling legs.

Just as they were about to slip the cub in the bag, his left hind paw caught Uncle's hand, and left several bloody scratches on it. Uncle said something under his breath as he dropped the bag, which evidently he did not intend to have in this story, and for his sake it will be left out.

"You'd better put on your gloves or you won't have any hands left," said Buck.

He looked at Buckskin as though he thought he was a little late with his information and took two large sacks from the packs and wrapped them about his hands as he said, "A man wants something more than gloves for this sort of business. Now let him in with a quick jerk and he'll go into the bag before he knows what he is doing."

Buck released the rope to let the cub drop, but his claws caught on the sacks and he quickly sprang out on

Uncle's shoulder. Buck gave the rope a jerk that sent the cub rolling over and over, and made Uncle howl with pain.

Uncle began to show as much nervousness as the bear, but he was as determined to capture the bear as the latter was to get away.

They soon saw it was useless to attempt to put the cubs in the bags, so taking smaller ropes they fastened their legs and started with the two large bear hides and the two cubs for the ponies.

When the party reached the ponies it was about cool enough to start home. The moon gave light when night came on and by ten o'clock they reached the ranch buildings. Expecting them about this time, Charley Woo, the Chinese cook, had a splendid supper ready, to which all did ample justice.

But the story of the hunt was reserved for the morrow, as they all were ready to drop off to bed after all those hours in the saddle added to the nervous excitement of the thrilling hunt.

After the boys saw that the cubs were securely caged they immediately retired to their welcome beds.

And as the boys expressed later, that day was to be remembered among the never-to-be-forgotten days of their life.

—Edgar Sabin.



Alumni Letters

Cambridge, Mass., March 17, 1916.

My dear fellow Alumnus:

I am sorry that I have been unable to answer your kind letter of the 1st sooner. But the press of school work has kept me rather busy. Just finished some examinations, so have a little time. I shall be very glad if anything I am able to do will be of value to you. If you find it at all worthy of consideration you have my permission to do as you like with the following.

I shall in no way bore you with a description of Massachusetts, nor of Boston. With the possible exception of geographical location it is little different from any other place you may choose to consider. A slight difference of speech, a peculiar mannerism, but these things amount to little.

You may be interested in a little incident that appealed to my sense of humor. At the intersection of Tremont and Winter streets, by the Common, you will find the heaviest traffic of the city. A policeman is stationed there to direct the passage of vehicles and of pedestrians. Not long ago an inventor, doubtless of western extraction, conceived the idea of putting a semaphore in the center of the street to lighten the burden of the traffic cop. In bold black letters the semaphore on one side would indicate GO. In equally audacious red it would on the other side deliver this message, STOP. Well, the semaphore was installed. But would you believe it, instead of lightening the burden of the guardian of public safety, it increased those burdens a hundred fold. For in addition to the usual frantic manipulation of his arms he must swear great round oaths at those to whom plain

English seemed unintelligible. When the sign read STOP, to the feminine Bostonian mind that word meant GO, and a half dozen would start across the street in front of automobiles, horses and Italian banana wagons. Trouble for the cop. And when the indicator read GO, it took all the persuasive art of a policeman to induce the timid public to attempt a crossing. So much for the religious condition of the police. Now let us next consider the fate of the poor semaphore. One evening a long heavy limousine came speeding down Tremont, the driver acting in the conventional Bostonian manner, misunderstood STOP, and Went. The result, in dodging a heavy truck he ran into the semaphore, completely demolishing that exponent of a higher civilization. So the invention which has met with such marked success and approval in our crude west, was relegated to the scrap heap and dubbed impracticable by the unscientific Bostonian mind.

I feel it would not be proper for me to discontinue this little letter without imitating in a poor way the example of our old friend and benefactor, Mr. E. J. H. Beard.

I should advise you all to study diligently, and if you care to profit by the mistakes of one who has been through the mill, DECIDE what you are going to do in life and work toward that end. There is altogether too much of this trying to decide after you get to college. It is not a good policy. Pick out your aptitudes, with the help of someone who knows, if need be. Then choose your work and go after it. I should say base your studies on the foundation that will prove the most practical. SPECIALIZE, but choose your options in such a way

that you may have a broad cultural base for that specialization. Go to college if you can, and it is in the power of any one who will. Go to the university if possible. Do anything! but get a thorough education. It is the educated men and women who have in their hands the future. And if it lies in your power to take the higher education go to an eastern university or college. There you meet people of a different type, different standards, and different customs. It is broadening.

If this little advice, gained through mistakes of my own, will be of any benefit to any of you I shall deem that my pleasure in writing you has been of value to others as well as to myself. I extend my best wishes to the Newtonia. May you have success.

Yours sincerely,

HAROLD W. TREASE, '10.

Rye, Florida, April 23, 1916.

My dear Newtonia Friends:

I am very glad to say hello to all my school friends through the Newtonia Annual, and wish the graduating class the best of all good things of life. I am glad, too, to take another little part in the Annual, for some very pleasant memories of school days are wrapped up in the first Annual.

I had rather a curious experience a little while back. We had quite a patch of early watermelons, and one noon the weather man forecasted frost for that night. That sent me scurrying over the neighborhood for newspapers to cover them, and among the papers were a bunch of the Daily Mail, Worcester, Mass. Great was my surprise on opening one of them, to see the picture of Ora Guess-

ford, taken with a group of college students on board the Peace Ship. I saved that paper and showed it all around the neighborhood, telling that she was a classmate of mine, and that she was the kind of product *my Alma Mater* turned out.

Some four hundred odd years ago today, Easter, old Ponce de Leon came sailing up to the palm-fringed shore of Florida, seeking the fabled Fountain of Perpetual Youth. And if that distant day were as near perfect as this Easter is, I don't wonder that the grizzled old veteran believed that deep in the shadowy recesses of the forest, there burst forth a fountain with the magical properties of restoring lost youth. Just about two years ago, our family came seeking a Fountain of Health, and I am very happy to say that we have found it.

The whip-poor-wills, those heralds of the sand man, have been calling me for some time, and I must answer the summons. My best wishes for a beautiful Annual, and a successful ending of the school year.

Yours very truly,

RALPH A. ROBINSON, '12.

Moscow, March 28, 1916.

Dear Friends:

Your good letter, written February 20th, reached me yesterday after its struggle with censors, delayed trains, etc., and I hasten to answer it so that it may reach you in time for your Annual.

We are still having winter weather, although the sun is getting a little warmer—when it takes a notion to shine—and the snow is gradually melting off of the principal streets. We have had winter since last October; a

great deal of snow, good sleighing and plenty of ice for skating and skeeing.

When we arrived in Petrograd we felt that we had stepped into another world, as indeed we had.

I shall never forget our first ride in a drosche! We got off the train in Petrograd at twelve o'clock at night, in a dense fog, after the long ride across Norway, Sweden and Finland, where first one and then another custom officer had rummaged through our belongings, and found ourselves being driven across the city to the hotel in the little phaeton they call a drosche, driven by a man who if I saw him on the streets of Newton I would run the other way to avoid meeting him. There is barely room for two to ride comfortably and we had our grips piled in front of us, so when we were packed in, away we went—flying over the cobblestones, with our be-whiskered friend perched up on the little seat in front of us, waving his arms to keep warm and yelling at anyone who happened to be in his way. It is quite a ride to the hotel and I'll confess we were very relieved when we finally arrived and were shown to our rooms.

Since then I have found the izvoschick to be one of the most interesting characters here. They are, as a rule, ignorant as far as letters go, but shrewd in money matters and almost childish in their delight over any little kindness or attention paid them.

Petrograd is a beautiful city, having a net-work of canals running through its streets, and it is marvelous when one stops to think how Peter the Great laid its foundations in a bog that he might have a "window to Europe."

But you do not really see Russia until you come to Moscow, for as the Russians say, "Petrograd is the head and Moscow is the heart of Russia."

Moscow is a sacred city, with all its hundreds of golden-domed churches and the Kremlin built on a hill overlooking the city. As you enter the Kremlin, which is the first place a stranger is shown, you pass through the Holy Gate, where every man must remove his hat in reverence to the Ikons hung over the entrance, and then on through the great open square surrounded by the ancient cathedrals, monuments and the Palace of the Czar. These places are all open until three every day and I have spent a great deal of time there, listening to the wonderful choirs in the cathedrals and seeing all the old reliques stored in them.

The people here are of a friendly, happy disposition, always ready and willing to help us poor foreigners in our bad attempts to speak their language and eager to learn all they can of our country.

There are good skeeing grounds just outside the city and a great many ice skating rinks and during the long winter these places are crowded with young people.

Taken altogether Russia was a very pleasant surprise to us and I could go on writing indefinitely about the different interesting things we have seen.

But home is home, no matter where you go, and we will be glad when we can be among our own people again.

Trusting this will reach you in due time, I am,

Sincerely yours,
RUTH McCORD MILLER, '09.



BOOK FOUR

ORGANIZATIONS and SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS

Fading cords of melody,
Music's sunset glow,
Lingers on the parting way,
As once more into the fray
Of Life's work you go.

Travel's dust now clings to thee,
Worship's incense, too.
You have felt a friend's hand clasp.
And the tender, poignant grasp
Of memories' dim-lit view.

Come again! Who once has trod
Thro the Dragonland
Finds a mystic, magic key,
Lasting "Open Sesame,"
Ready to his hand.

—Anon.



PHYSICS LABORATORY



CLIO SOCIETY

First Row—Drew, Bickel, Davis, Allfree Atwood, Dallzell, Carrier, Cooper, Cox.

Second Row—R. Bergman, Efnor, N. Clymer, Chase, Dodge, V. Altemeier, Fugard, D. Dennis, Drake, H. Bergman, Byers.

Third Row—Frazier, Bishop, Awtry, Bridie, M. Brown, Dolph, K. Clymer, Campbell, Broderson, Alling, C. Dennis, Deutsch, Albee, Eastman, Dullard.

Fourth Row—McKee, Anderson, Fleming, Doane, Day, Broadston, Failor, Baldwin, E. Carpenter, Adams, De Reus, F. Carpenter, Jones, A. Brown.

First Row—Gearhart, French, Fleming, McElroy, Holdsworth, Fox, Hudson, C. Hammerly, Hand.

Second Row—Moffitt, Hans, Furniss, Mateer, Jasper, Hanson, Foreman, Kelly, McCartney, Keables, Hagedorn, Kracht.

Third Row—Portner, Koehl, Hinshaw, Eichner, Hall, Hook, Emmack, Flickinger, Joy, Hardenbrook, Gralnek, Keener, Greenlief, Kreager, Hammer.

Fourth Row—Killduff, Holmes, Guthrie, McMurrary, Hart, Kling, Lister, Mateer, D. Hammerly, J. Harvey, Hise, Kating, O'Leary, Gilbert.



THALIAN SOCIETY



HAMILTONIAN

First Row—McGriff, M. McAllister, R. McLaughlin, Jasper, F. Meyer, Lovridge, Sellman, Kennedy.

Second Row—I. McAllister, Klein, Shankland, E. Meredith, W. Kelly, Paschal, Rader, A. Pickens, Robinson, Loyer.

Third Row—McQuiston, Propp, Nelson, Scott, F. Kirk, Largent, Shrull, G. Meredith, Kloppong, Schnat-horst, Murdock, Petted.

Fourth Row—Merritt, Ken-yon, Campbell, C. Paul, B. Paul, Maines, R. Pickens, Reese, F. Meyers, Richard-son, M. Meyers, McCord, Broderick.

First Row—E. Smith, S. Smith, Vanatta, Stanton, Sellman, Widell, Snook, Rippetoe, Thompson, Reid.

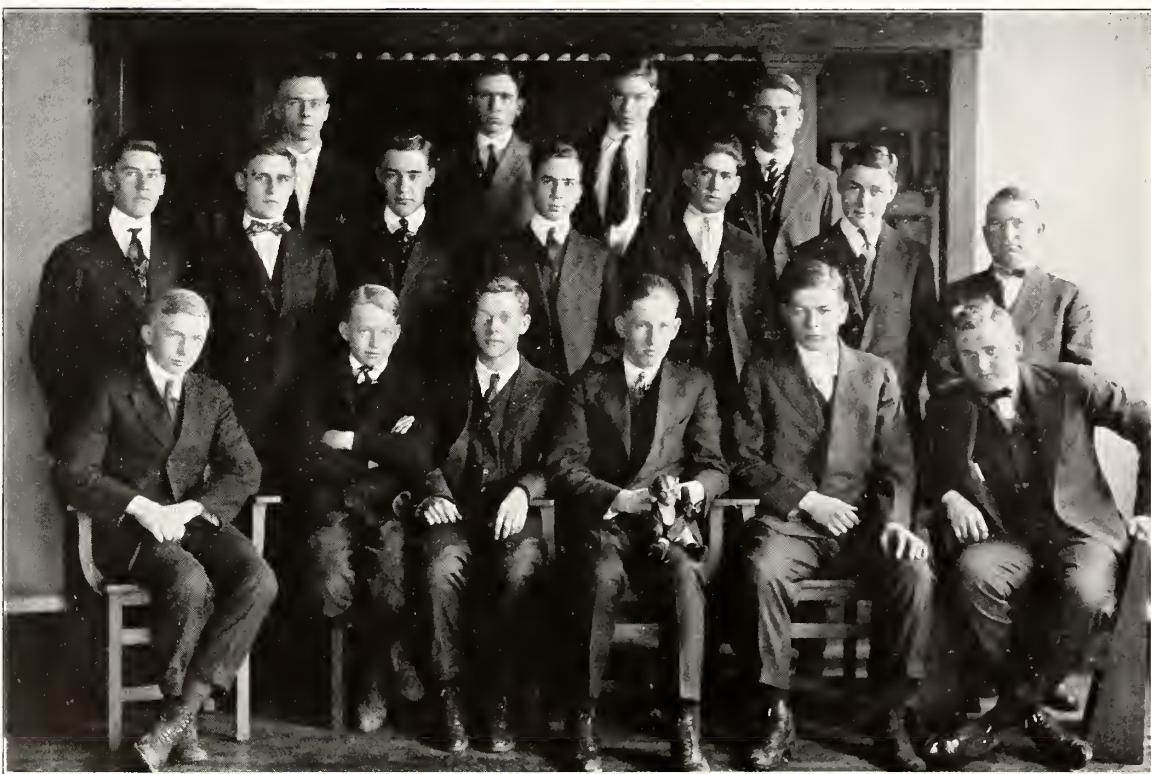
Second Row—J. Sellman, Skinner, Ryan, G. Stewart, Siagel, H. Stewart, W. Walker, Thomas, Weeks, Wagley, Williamson, Wehrman.

Third Row—Wehrman, Wormley, H. Walker, B. Scoville, M. Scott, Sitler, Trout, Tabbert, G. Wilson, Swihart, Kreager, Witmer, Snyder, Spencer, Miss Conybeare, Stanton.

Fourth Row—Spearing, Yarham, Miss Beard, Smith, Ritter, Shankland, Phillips, C. Wilson, Talbot, Van Dusseldorf, Woodrow, Small.



EUTERPEAN



DEBATING SOCIETY

First Row—Kenneth Myers,
Everett Sabin, Merritt At-
wood, Reuel Jackson.

Second Row—Harold Ailland,
Riley Chase, Donald Ham-
merly, Edgar Sabin, Lee
Stauffer, Vern Jones, Mr.
Wilbur.

Third Row—Charles Paul,
Francis Allfree, Hugh By-
ers, Jack Harvey, Rodney
Thompson, Caryll Foster.



JACK HARVEY

DONALD HAMMERLY

CARYLL FOSTER

Newton's Affirmative Team Who Defeated Grinnell in Dual Debate



REUEL JACKSON

RILEY CHASE

Newton's Negative Team Who Were Defeated by Grinnell in Dual Debate

EVERETT SABIN



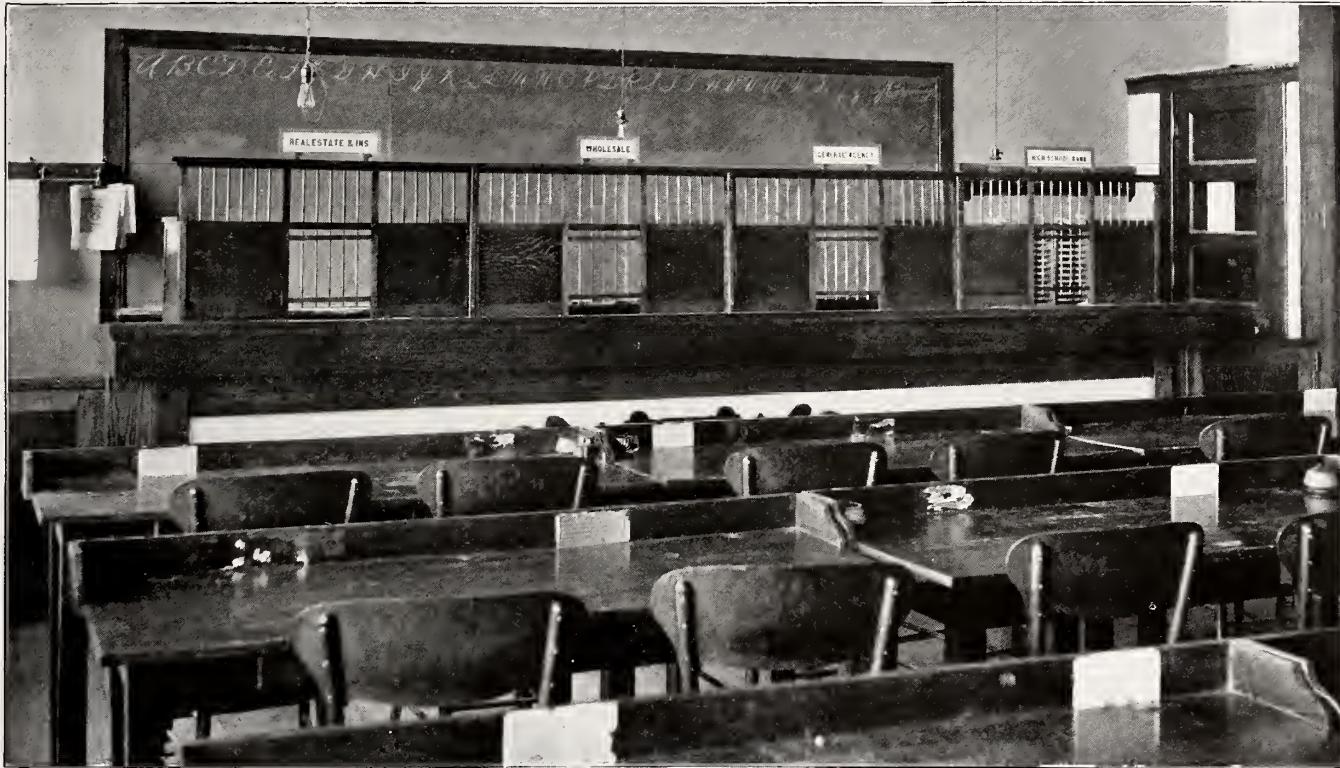
GLEE CLUB GIRLS.

Top Row—McGriff, Rogers, Rader, Campbell, Miss Miles, Madoll, Scott, McQuiston, McAlister.
Middle Row—Marshall, Rippetoe, Lowery, Morrow, Klein, Jasper, Shankland, Hunt, Wilson, Moffitt.
Lower Row—Wagley, Hall, Walker, Drew, Largent, Furniss, Scoville, Loveridge.



ORCHESTRA.

Norma Davis, McCabe, Day, Alta Stagel, Harold Aillaud, Margaret Leary, Robert McLaughlin, Lenore Demory, Dorothy Vanatta, Jean Sellman, Miss Miles, Elvora Wehrman, Hilma Walker, Harry Granek.



A picture of Commercial Room showing the bookkeeping equipment and facilities for office work



The Commercial Room showing the equipment for typewriting and short hand



DOMESTIC SCIENCE LABORATORY



MANUAL TRAINING ROOM



NORMAL DEPARTMENT.

First Row—Florence Kirk, Hazel Kirk, Mary Brown, Alex Brown, Evelyn Hall, Miss Killduff, Effie Alling, Winnie Walker, Violet Guthrie, Florence Meyers.

Second Row—Mabel Meyers, Katherine Therien, Vera Matteer, Hazel Dolph, Frances Yarham, Celesta Merritt, Jennie Scoville, Thelma Klein, Blanche Holmes, Zoa Skinner.

Bottom Row—Geraldine Shankland, Bernice Trout, Verda Hinshaw, Florence Sears, Hazel Shrull, Bessie Scoville, Helen Orwick.

The Health Department

The introduction of the Health Department into the Newton schools is a new phase of school work. It did not come, however, before we needed it. The work is under the direction of Miss Needles, who is the nurse.

The children in the grades and the high school girls were all examined as to their eyes, ears, nose and throat. Each grade is visited twice every week by the nurse. A grade is given each pupil on cleanliness and these grades constitute the average for each class.

If a child is not well, he is sent home. The Department keeps in close touch with him while he is ill, either by telephone or by calls, and at all times the parents feel free to ask advice.

One of the things accomplished is that every child in the grades has been provided with a sample of Colgate's Tooth Paste. In this way the children are taking an active interest in the care of their teeth.

A census was also taken of the boys in the grades who smoked, and the number of boys who had this habit was astonishingly large.

One morning without letting the children know about it, the teacher in each room had the pupils make lists of what they had had for breakfast. The result was that a large per cent of the children, even in the kindergarten, were coffee drinkers. The kind of food they should eat is suggested to the children and the value of nourishing food is taught them.

The work in the high school has not been so noticeable. The high school girls were examined in about the same way the grade children were examined. The high school is interested in the grade children because of the fact that they will compose the future high school. If the standard of the schools as a whole is kept high, the health of the students must receive due consideration.

Miss Needles says that the work in the Newton schools has been very interesting and results have been even more than the Department dared expect.

EVELYN R. HALL.



Physical Training

"Adds to our years, subtracts from our cares, multiplies our joys, and divides our sorrows."

At the beginning of the school year last fall, this new department was established in the schools of Newton under the leadership of Miss Johnson. As yet physical training is not a regular course, but a purely elective one to the girls of the high school. In the grades it is compulsory.

It was estimated that probably forty or fifty girls of the high school would take up this work, but in answer to the opportunity given to enter the class, about one hundred elected the course. This shows the enthusiasm with which this course is hailed.

Owing to the short time that can be devoted to exercise, and the large number taking the work, it has been necessary to divide the pupils into two classes, one consisting of the Junior and Senior girls, which meets in the gymnasium on Tuesday evenings after school, and the other class, which meets on Thursday evenings after school, composed of the Freshman and Sophomore girls.

The gymnasium work consists of corrective, recreative exercises, and folk dances.

In the corrective work the Swedish system of gymnastics is used. These exercises are given by command from the instructress, and consist of movements that correct bad habits of posture, and such as train the mind to have absolute control over nerves and muscles with the least expenditure of energy.

To make the body flexible, and free it from habits of muscular tension, relaxing exercises are given. Also folk dancing and recreative games have been introduced to make the work more enjoyable. The games of tennis and volley ball are taken up whenever the weather and ground are in proper condition for out of door work.

It is sincerely hoped that more time can be given to physical training in the next year, as it is a course long needed in the high school.





PHYSICAL TRAINING GIRLS.

First Row—Gilbert, Klein, McAllister, Garhart, Jackson, E. Dunmire, T. Marshall, Dimon, E. Wehrman.

Second Row—Awtry, Kennedy, V. Altemeier, Davis, Joy, J. Meredith, Fleming, McCord, Reid, Propp, E. Meredith, Miss Johnson, McAllister, Hinshaw, Spencer, J. Alling, Moffitt, Woodrow, Emmack, Rogers, Thompson, Greenlief, Bickell.

Third Row—Hagadorn, Kinyon, C. Clymer, Campbell, Flickinger, Byers, Hammer, N. Clymer, M. Marshall, Scott, Klopping, Robinson, Loveridge, McMurray, Dolph, Largent, M. Brown, Kating, F. Sellman Walker, Carrier, Richardson.

Fourth Row—J. Sellman, Hanson, Rees, Gralnek, E. Alling, R. Brown, Loyer, Geraldine, Mateer, Barnes, Swihart, Dodge, McCullough, Deutsch, Trout, Sears, Hise, Leary, Carrier, Wehrman, Foster, Chasc, Jasper, Keables, Wagley.



BRONX HIGH
ATHLETICS

Oh, what a splendid thing it is to live—
To feel the strength of youth in every vein;
To strive and know that it is yours to gain;
To take but know that some day you will give
In such proportion as was given you;
To feel that every fibre yearns to act,
For life to you was given all compact;
To think, to plan, to strive and then to do;
To strive and know yourself the better man;
To lose and know that you have done your best—
And it is well. To win whene'er you can;
And if you fail to take it as a jest
And mingle with the spirit of the game—
A joy in strength and life, and not in fame.

—Anon.



BIOLOGICAL LABORATORY



FOOTBALL BOYS.

Top Row—Paschal (captain), Lufkin, Coach Montgomery, G. Kelley, W. Kelley.
Middle Row—B. Jones, Spencer, Thompson, Raymond, Shepherd, Harp.
Bottom Row—De Bolt, V. Jones, Duer, Bunker, Gharrett.

Review of 1915 Athletic Season

COACH Montgomery issued his call for football call about thirty odd candidates responded. The candidates the third week in September. To this team was captained this year by Glenn Paschal, who played his third year of football for Newton. Out of the seven letter men who remained, Captain Paschal, G. Kelly, Vance, Harp, Duer, Gharrett and B. Jones, combined with some new arrivals, B. Kelly, DeBolt, V. Jones, Raymond, Thompson, Lufkin and Bunker, a fast but very light team was developed. Newton has been noted for taking on hard schedules and this year was no exception to the rule. Out of the seven teams we played, only two could be called in our class. These teams we snowed under by large scores. The other five teams on our schedule were composed of teams from towns many times larger than Newton and teams of college towns where they had the splendid opportunity of practicing with the college team, which surely goes a long way to improve their playing. Out of the seven games we played, we won three and lost four, which is a very good record, as all the teams that beat us ranked high at the close of the season.

Financially the season was a success, owing to the Thanksgiving game here with Grinnell. At this game the attendance was the largest that has ever been recorded at an event of this kind in this city. The following are the names of the men who won their "N" this year: Capt. Paschal, G. Kelly, Lufkin, Thompson, B. Kelly, Harp, B. Jones, Vance, Raymond, Duer, DeBolt, Bunker, V. Jones and Gharrett.

Not too much can be said in praise of the second team this year. These fellows, composed of the reserves and ineligibles under the tutelage of Mr. Wilbur, worked tirelessly day after day, receiving no material gain, only the hard knocks and blows, as they gave their best in giving the first team their required practice.

SUMMARY OF THE GAMES.

NAME	Points	Field Goals	Foul Goals		Field Goals Against	Personal Foul	Technical Foul
			Tried	Made			
Stauffer -----	130	54	40	22	11	3	2
Harp -----	108	41	26	26	7	11	6
Paschal -----	30	15	0	0	30	13	8
Jones -----	24	12	0	0	7	7	1
Jackson -----	18	9	0	0	3	4	1
Kelly -----	14	7	0	0	1	1	0
Duer -----	4	2	0	0	18	14	2
Gharrett -----	2	1	0	0	18	5	0
Totals -----	330	141	91	48	98	58	20

Our first game was with Mitchellville which we won by the score of thirty-nine to thirteen. Mitchellville threw a scare into us when they scored thirteen points in the first half to a goose egg for us, but the last half told the story. We met our first setback of the season when we ran up against the heavy Ames eleven. Greatly outweighed, Newton put up a game fight, but the condition of the field, which was covered with water, in fact the first half was played in a steady downpour, permitted no open playing, which handicapped Newton's light team a great deal more than Ames' heavy one. So we had

to be content with a twenty to two score against us.

Our next defeat was administered to us by the fast East Des Moines team by the score of twenty-six to nothing. Again the superior weight of the opposing team played havoc with Newton's chances of winning. Time after time the heavy East High linemen would break through our light line and nail our backs before they had gotten fairly started. On October 30th we journeyed to Indianola and after forty minutes of good football succeeded in convincing them that we possessed the better team. The Indianola team greatly outweighed us but we made up for what we lacked in weight by our ability to play football.

The next week we invaded Iowa City, where we were defeated thirty-four to twelve in a slow, loosely played game. The Newton team was certainly off color. After rushing Iowa City off their feet in the first quarter, we laid down and allowed Iowa City to have her own way for the rest of the game. This game is an example of what staying up late the night before the game and breaking training will do to a football team. The next week Perry came down with the idea that we were discouraged and all in by our two previous defeats and they thought us easy pickin's. It took just the first half to take all the big head out of them. Newton came back in such fine style that it was soon apparent who would win. The slashing attack of the Newton backs, coupled with long forward passes, spelled defeat for the visitor. The farce ended fifty-five to seven.

Newton went down in defeat the following Saturday before the fast, heavy Oskaloosa team. An injury to Vanee in the early part of the game greatly weakened our line through which the Oskaloosa backs found no

opposition the first half. In the second half our defense tightened and we held them to one touchdown and threatened, by the means of the forward pass, to score. As the game progressed we seemed to find ourselves and worked the ball most of the time in their territory. The game ended with the ball in our possession on Oskaloosa's one yard line. The final score was twenty-one to nothing.

The game to which the students look forward more than any other is the game with Grinnell on Thanksgiving Day. Grinnell came down with only one thought and that was to wipe out the seven to six defeat we handed out to them in 1914. As a curtain-raiser to the big game the second teams of the two schools put up a dandy exhibition of football. Newton won this game by the score of thirteen to three. The feature of the contest was the work of Phillips, Morrison and Atwood, who will make someone hnsle for a job on the first team next year, and a well exected drop kick by Shifflet of Grinnell from the thirty-five yard line. In the second game we did not fare so well. Outweighed over ten pounds to the man, we could not stem the fierce onrushes of the heavy Grinnell team. We could not gain through the line and the forward pass was our only means of offense. The score of forty-eight to nothing against ns does not mean that the game was slow. Far from it. Newton pulled off some spectacular forward passes and end runs that kept the crowd on edge all the time. No particular man played the stellar role for Newton. They all fought grimly to keep the score as low as possible, while Tucker of Grinnell carried the greatest burden of their offense. The only pleasing factor of the game to the Newton team was the immense crowd that turned out and backed the team after certain defeat was found to be their lot.

PROSPECT OF 1916 TEAM.

At a meeting of the "N" men, they elected Glen DeBolt captain of the 1916 team. Glen came here last year in time to get in on the 7 to 6 defeat of Grinnell. He also has played every game this year without being taken out for injuries or other reasons. He undoubtedly has all the qualifications of a good captain. Several good men will be lost by graduation this year but the material at hand from the second team appears as if they would fill the vacancies easily. It is not the material that interests us at present but a coach to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of V. E. Montgomery. There is no use in writing a lot about "Monte" and what a good fellow he is as the entire student body knows that the present standard of athletics that is to be found at Newton is entirely due to the untiring efforts of our coach. He has brought Newton from a third rate school up to where it is recognized athletically among the best schools in the state. And as he goes from us to a better situation we can only wish for a man that has at least some of the qualities of "Monte."

REVIEW OF '15-'16 BASKET BALL SEASON.

AFTER a week's lay off from football season, Newton high school athletes directed their attention to basket ball. The prospects at the first of the season were not very bright as only one regular, Captain Harp, was left from the '14-'15 team and Gharrett, who was a utility player last season, was ineligible. When the candidates appeared for practice some good material was found among them. Duer and Paschal made a fine pair of guards and Jackson and

B. Jones were used alternately as a running mate to Harp. W. Kelly reported later on in the season and held down the left forward job for the rest of the season. After Christmas exams Duer, right guard, dropped out of school but his place was filled by Gharrett, who was now declared eligible. The event that brought the most joy to the hearts of the Newton basket ball followers was the arrival of Stauffer. This lanky individual proved himself to be all that his friends claimed him to be. It was a close guarding game indeed where he failed to cage any baskets. He played consistent ball all season and certainly deserved the honor of captain that his team mates bestowed upon him. Harp played his old scrappy game and he also had lost none of his cunning in the art of basket shooting. The three guards, Paschal, Duer and Gharrett, put up a good game of basket ball all season, especially Gharrett whose weight made him an ideal man for the position. The three forwards, Jackson, Kelly and Jones, put up a mediocre brand of ball all season. The latter was used as guard in some games.

SUMMARY OF THE GAMES.

The first game of the season was with the Alumni whom we defeated by a one-sided score. The second game, with Monroe, ended disastrously for us as they managed to defeat us. This defeat can be attributed to our short practice preceding the game as we had only worked together about two weeks. We then met and defeated by large scores Brooklyn and Marengo, respectively. Then Lynnville came, saw and was conquered in one of the fastest games staged on the local court. The next evening we journeyed to Colfax and after forty minutes of post dodging we returned the victors. The next game was with Grinnell at Grinnell,

which they won. The next game, a returned game, was played here. They also won this but we had the satisfaction of beating them in the last half, eight to four. Our next game was a return with Colfax whom we swamped. The last scheduled game of the season was with Penn Academy. This was a fit ending to a successful season for we returned victor in a sensational contest by the margin of one point.

The prospects for next season are exceedingly good as five men who won their letters in basket ball this year will be back. The following are the names of the men who won their letters this season: Captain Harp, Captain-elect Stauffer, Paschal, Duer, Jackson, W. Kelly, and B. Jones.

TRACK.

THE track season of 1915 will go down as the most successful season in the history of the school. The major success of the season is undoubtedly due to the conscientious coaching of V. E. Montgomery. What "Monte" doesn't know about track isn't worth knowing. The track season opened as soon as basket ball season was closed. About thirty candidates reported, of whom Fleck, Burnell, G. Kelly, and Paschal displayed the best form in the sprints and middle distances. In the half mile "Monte" produced Harp who was a sensation in the half mile. He holds the track record at Grinnell at 2.07. Jackson, Atwood and Lufkin were also good distance men.

The first meet of the year was the Drake relay. Here Newton had the distinction of being the only high school to place in every event. In the next meet, the Simpson invitation, we did not do as well as we expected as the majority of the track team was not taken along, as the school board decided they were not in condition for a hard contest, not physically but morally. The next meet in which we competed was the Cornell invitation. With their full team intact, Newton copped several firsts and seconds and succeeded in establishing a new track record for the half mile relay. At Iowa City Newton showed up well, Fleek winning a first in the four forty and Burnell a second and third in the high and low hurdles, respectively. The next meet on the schedule was the State Meet held at Drake Stadium. Here Newton in competition with the best of the athletes of the state made a fine showing. Burnell took a second and third in the low and high hurdles. Kelly and Harp copped a third in the four forty and eight eighty respectively, and the half mile relay team won third place. In the last meet of the year, the Grinnell invitation, Newton pushed East Des Moines hard for first place. The latter copped the meet with a five point lead. In this meet Kelly won second place in both the two twenty and four forty. Harp won the half mile, breaking the track record. Denniston won the broad jump and Atwood took third in the mile. Burnell won second in both high and low hurdles; Paschal tied for third in the lows and the half mile relay team, composed of Fleck, Kelly, Paschal and Burnell won first place. This meet closed a very successful season, a track season which Newtonites can look back at with pride.



GLEN PASCHAL '17

Captain 1915.

Half-Back.

Captain Glen Paschal has played his last year for the old Scarlet and Black and his place will be hard to fill. He has played two years at end and this year was switched to half-back position. His work was par-excellent. A more conscientious, loyal and hard working leader would be hard to find. Speed in lugging the ball and his nervy tackles have won him a place in the hearts of the students.



WILLIAM KELLY '17

Quarter-Back.

"Bill" Kelly at quarter-back was one of the finds of the year. "Bill" more than made good with his head work in guiding the attack of our machine. He is equally good in returning kicks and in his sure, hard tackling in the back field. Bill has one more year to play and should be a whirlwind next season.



BAYARD DUER '16

Center.

"Pud" Duer, although very light for a lineman, played a great game at center for two seasons. Duer is an accurate passer, a sure judge of the opponent strategy, a nervy fighter and a cool head to balance the middle of the line. He, like Vance, could be counted on to think and what he lacked in weight was more than made up in head work and scrap. Duer left school to go into business and his position will be hard to fill.



GLEN DEBOLT '17

Captain-elect.

Tackle.

"Pinkey" Debolt, the tackle who is invincible, is to lead Old Newton High next season. His work on the defensive stopping up attacks and in opening holes for the backs on offense, is equally good. He is steady and quiet, always in after the man with the ball. His playing ability brought to his honor the captaincy for next year.



GEORGE KELLY '16

Half-Back.

George Kelly, better known as "Cupid", will graduate this spring after playing three years of football, two years at tackle and this season at half-back. Kelly was the fastest man on the 1915 team, his wide end runs and quick, hard, off-tackle smashes being features of nearly every game. He is a man who uses his head in picking holes and a hard man to stop even after being tackled.



GEORGE VANCE '16

Tackle.

"Doc" Vance leaves us this year after having served two seasons at tackle wit' great skill. Vance was our most dependable lineman. He uses that part of his body above his shoulders,—he thinks. His work stopped many an onslaught of the enemy and whoever played against Vance found a man who would scrap all the way with them. A serious injury in the "Oskey" game marred an otherwise brilliant record.



BEN JONES '17

End.

Ben played his second year this season at varsity end. Injuries kept him out the first part of the season, but he made up for this absence by his great work during the last half of the season. Rarely does a man get by Ben. He smashes plays before they get started and is also good at receiving the forward pass. Ben is light but has nerve and grit to burn, and will be with us again next season.



AZIEL GHARRETT '17

End and Tackle.

"Tubby" Gharrett, an end man in 1914, was used in three different positions last season, guard, end and tackle. He uses his 190 lbs. in breaking up plays, opening holes and in tackling both sure and hard. Gharrett made good as a Freshman and still has one more season in which he should make fame for Newton and himself.



ROYCE HARP '17

End.

"Daby" Harp has played varsity end for two years and has proven himself a wonder. Harp made good on the wing position from the word go. He plays an all-around good game at end, smashing plays and interference, tackling sure and hard, getting down under kicks and receiving forward passes. It takes a clever opponent to outwit Harp and he fights to the last ditch. He has one more year.



ORVILLE BUNKER '17

Guard.

Bunker is another of our first year varsity men with one season ahead of him. "Bunk" got into enough games to win his letter. While not a big man he is consistent and always in the game. We find him one of the quiet yet indispensable parts of an efficient machine.



VERN JONES '18

Guard.

Vern Jones held down a regular position at guard this season. This was Jones' first year on the varsity, although he played a strong game on the scrubs last year. Jones has all kinds of natural football ability and generally gets the charge on his man and can be depended upon to hold 'er tight if an important play is being formed behind him. Jones has two more years and with this year's experience will prove a valuable man.



RODNEY THOMPSON '17

Half-Back.

"Gloomy Gus", after two years of conscientious service on the scrubs, came into his own this year and played enough varsity games to win his coveted letter. "Gloomy" was variety, sometimes playing a whirlwind bang-up game and other times seemed off color. With this year's experience we predict that he will deliver the goods in great shape next year. Rodney is a hard worker and deserves all he gets.



PERCY LUFKIN '18

Full-Back.

"Buck" Lufkin, the smashing full-back, was a veritable demon on the gridiron. Lufkin, besides being a hard and speedy line bucker, is good at smashing interference and a hard tackler. He is a player full of pepper and has a spirit that never says quit. Lufkin has two more years in school.



RUSSELL RAYMOND '19

Guard and End.

"Russ" Raymond, a freshman, made good with a vengeance. A natural-born football player who can hit them harder than any man his size in the state. Not all football players are natural-born players, but "Russ" knows by instinct where to be, how, what, and when to do. The best part of it all is that Raymond has three more years ahead of him. He can make his own record.



BASKET BALL TEAM

First Row—William Kelly, Benjamin Jones, Coach Montgomery,
Aziel Gharrett, Reuel Jackson.

Second Row—Glen Paschal, Royce Harp, Lee Stauffer

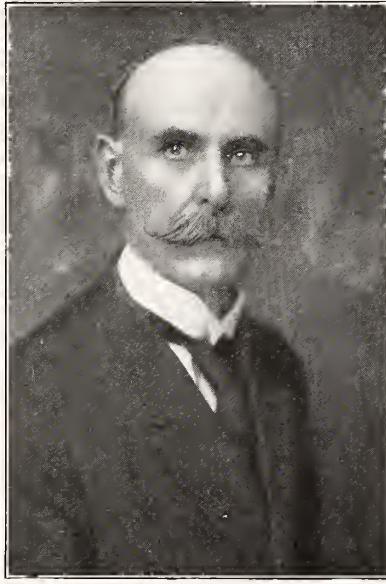


BOOKS
FOR BOYS

If we never saw the contrast there is 'tween
sun and rain;
If we never knew the difference that there is
'tween joy and pain;
How could we prize the beauty of a sunlit sum-
mer day.
Or know half the glowing pleasure of an hour
that's free and gay!



Ike Baty, Janitor



Oliver Smith, Engineer

Our Esteemed Friends and Helpers

Joke Department

And it came to pass that there was a strange tribe in the land.

And the people became very much angered, for verily did the people of this tribe find fault with all that was in the land.

And the people said: They shall be called Crabs, for verily they seek to destroy all which is good and beautiful, even as the crab seizes and destroys with its claws.

And they gathered themselves together, and the chief Crab spake to the other Crabs, and said, "Verily, the people have provoked us sore."

And thereupon there arose another of the Crabs and he spake to the chief and said, "Let us make these people rue the day when they called us Crabs."

And the chief rose and spake, "Thou speakest basely, my brother; we shall cause sorrow to fall upon the land which has so basely treated us. For we shall, in truth, earn the name they have put upon us. Hearken unto me.

"From this time forth ye shall forever wear a glum countenance, and also a black necktie.

"Ye shall speak sharply to all who address you or not at all.

"Ye shall find fault with all the existing institutions of this land.

"If any ridicule you or find source for mirth in you, then shall ye engage him in mortal combat."

And when he had finished they all gave assent and one of the Crabs approached the chief and said, "Oh Chief! in the land of Tri-Cities"—but the chief put forth his hand, saying, "It is enough, my brother."

If any one shall get sore at anything in this department of smiles, verily shall he be a Crab.

Miss Broderick: "Use indigo in a sentence."
Francis A.: "They put me indigo cart."

Oh! little Tommy Dalzell
A wise boy is he,
He loves to cut comic capers
Down in Modern History.

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL DAYS—

How dear to my heart are the scenes of old Newton!
Where fond recollections present them to view,
The campus, the trees, the deep tangled grasses,
And every loved spot which my student days knew.

The Massive old Building
The Tennis Court near it,
The walk and the steps
Where the ice made you fall,
The school of my dreams
How sweet to recall it!
Alma Mater Forever
Old Newton High School.

The Thalian society I hailed as a treasure
For often on Monday when called by the bell,
I listened to readings, and music and poems,
Which from Freshies, Sophs, Juniors and
Seniors' lips fell.

Soon into the halls
Our merry groups wended
And scattered all over
The building and grounds,
The school of my dreams
How sweet to recall it!
Alma Mater Forever
Old Newton High School.

CLASS BIRDS.

Senior—Eagle (mighty).
Junior—Robin (gay).
Sophomore—Blue Jay (smart).
Freshman—Wren (meek).

THE LOST WHEEZE—
Seated last night at my desk
I was looking for a laugh,
To work into this column
In the form of a paragraph.

I know not what I was thinking
Or what was in my brain then
But I struck one chord of humor
Like the sound of a deportment ten.

It flooded my lettered table
And my chair of mission oak,
And I said, in my modest manner
To myself, "This is sure some joke!"

It quickened pain and sorrow
Like love overcoming strife
It made me forget my thesis
And report of the Orator's life.

It would have made me famous
All over the East and West
All people would have pointed
To the author of that great jest.

I have sought but I seek it vainly
The one long wheeze Divine,
That one lost chord of humor
That was to be a deathless line!

It may be that death's bright angel
Will pass me that joke enmasse,
But that does me no good this morning
When the class's are ready to pass.

Gladys R.: "Why do you part your hair in the middle."
Harold M.: "To keep my mind balanced."

Vern J.: "And have you the heart to refuse me?"
Erma: "No, I gave it to another man."



The night is done, and the daylight
Streams from the eastern sky;
The roosters crow by my window,
And the students are passing by.

I hear my old alarm clock,
Clang through the stilly air,
And a realization comes o'er me,
That fills me with despair.

A waking and realization
That I have a class at eight,
And my grade will be diminished,
If I am a minute late.

Come read to me some passage,
From a simple and easy text;
And I will fix my pompadour,
And button my shoes up next.

Not from the noble professors,
Not from the teachers sublime,
Who guide the student body,
Through the corridors of time.

For like awful claps of thunder
Their mighty words declare,
The doom of the oversleeper;
And—help me fix my hair.

Read from an easier author,
Whose words gushed from his mouth,
Instead of his brain as torrents,
Of rain rush out of the spout.

Who through long years of teaching,
And vacations devoid of rest,
Still found in his life the spare time,
To write an easy text.

Such books have power to decrease,
This feeling of despair,
For I could get my lesson,
While putting up my hair.

Then read from the little textbook,
Our lesson for today,
And I will button my shoes up,
And quickly hike away.

And the class shall be filled with laughter,
And the wisdom of the teacher,
Shall be equalled, aye, e'en surpassed,
By the cunning of the schemer.

MAGAZINES IN OUR HIGH SCHOOL—

Life—Everett Sabin.
Judge—Lee Staufer.
Baseball—Robert Harvey.
Motion Pictures—Geraldine Shankland.
Top Notch—Jack Harvey.
Police Gazette—Mr. Wilbur.
Smart Set—William Hudson.
Little Folks—Thomas Dalzell.
Druggist's Weekly—Riley Chase.
Sporting World—Ben Jones.
Puck—Bill Kelly.

Glen R.: "You are the girl of my dreams."
Bernice: "Aren't you nice and gallant?"

Glen R.: "I've had some awful dreams lately."

Ross S.: "What caused the death of your friend Mary?"

Keith W.: "Oh, she dreamed she was a frog and croaked."

When Almon Pickens was asked where he got his black eye he replied good naturedly, "I gave that black eye to myself, because my best girl said she liked black eyes." "When Hazel, heavenly maid, was young, While yet in youthful days she sung; The boys, oft to hear her yell, Thronged around in magic spell. But thou, Oh, Hazel, with eyes so fair, With rosy cheeks and gleaming hair, Why must you always scream and shout When you know men are about? She sang one ditty the whole day long, She called on Alfred all thru the song, And this is why she sang so bold, As maidens used to do of old, For when this sweetest theme she chose Who but the form of Luck arose."

Keith W.: "What animal attaches itself most to man?"

Hugh B.: "Mr. Wilbur's bulldog."

There are some fellows in this school,
They think they're wondrous wise,
They think they're good at making dates,
And e'en at making eyes,
But when they leave this High School,
The paths of fame to tread,
They'll find 'twas all an accident,
They've merely been misled.

	By whom.
Robert Pickens.....	Myra Thomas
George Kelly.....	Zoa Skinner
McCabe Day.....	Dorothy Vanatta
William Carrier.....	Marjorie French
Francis Allfree	Margaret McAllister
Glen Ryan.....	Bernice Trout
Vincent Raymond.....	Esther Brown

TO DOROTHY DENNIS.

Her mouth is brief, like quickly checked
Encrimsoned berry stain,
Her eyes—ah, me—her eyes—are stars
New kindled after rain.

Miss Frazier in Phys. Geog.: "Vernon?"
(Vernon Myers leaning on chair next to him.)

Vernon: "Yes'm."

Miss F.: "I wish you would occupy one chair at a time, please."

Edward McM., boastfully: "My head comes up higher than yours."

Francis M.: "Yes, but my feet come down as far as yours."

Miss McKee: "Roy, how much time do you spend on your Algebra?"

Roy S.: "About half an hour, railroad time."

Miss Mc.: "What do you mean by that?"

Roy S.: "Including stops and all."

Vincent R.: "When I sing I get tears in my eyes. What can I do for it?"

Royce H.: "You might stuff cotton in your ears."



A DREAM OF THE FUTURE.

Once upon an evening dreary, I sat pondering weak and weary,
With despairing fervor biting pieces from a brand new pen;
I was thinking of the morrow, wondering could I beg or borrow
Thoughts to write a theme, or must I answer "not prepared" again.
I determined I would never answer "not prepared" again,
(That's what I determined then.)

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in a bleak December,
And the clock which stood before me started softly chiming twelve;
Vainly thought I of the morrow, heavy grew my heart with sorrow,
As into my dusty brain cells once again I sought to delve,
In a hope for inspiration all in vain I sought to delve.
As the clock was striking twelve.

Then the lights began to shimmer, and the room grew dimmer, dimmer,
And the curtains rustled faintly stirred as by a vagrant breeze,
And as if to still the beating of my heart, I kept repeating
Words that sounded like the meaning of the cold and lonely trees,
For my mind was not at peace.

As I sat there dreaming, fearing, out into the dim light peering,
I beheld a vision, someone I had surely seen before;
It affected me so queerly that I gasped aloud then, nearly,
For this teacher'd been so timid in the High School days of yore,
She would never speak in public in those High School days of yore,
Not in public e'er before.

There upon that platform walking, now of suffrage she was talking,

And she surely was convincing, for she knew the cause she led.

"Women's rights are advocated, men should be annihilated."

Women, we should rule the country!" were the very words she said,

While I sat astonished, listening, 'twas these words Miss Campbell said,
As the suffrage cause she led.

In an easy chair reclining, while the firelight was shining

On the objects in a not exactly orderly abode, Sat a bachelor debating, arguments clearly stating

As to why he thought his bachelorhood the only, only mode,

Though in school somehow we'd thought Jack would have liked a different mode,
Than a bachelor abode.

At the movies entertaining, a large audience detaining,

In the latest film an actress, gestured, dramatized and fought,

And the lips so slowly moving, seemed someone to be reproving,

"Twas the Glee Clubs and Declamatory contests she had taught,

Now completely "talked out" she the "movie" films had sought,

Where of talking there was naught.

But the scene again was changing, at a counter there arranging

Fruits and sundry small confections to attract the public eye

Was a woman mild; I started, for when years ago we'd parted

She had been the chief authority in good old Newton High,

She'd not been so meek and timid there in good old Newton High.

Miss Broderick's word we measured by.

A gymnasium before me, and surprise crept quickly o'er me,

There I saw a woman frowning while athletic feats she taught,

Now they never found her smiling, all their

faults she was reviling,

As those maids who weighed two hundred those reducing feats she taught,

Miss Johnson who had joked a great deal oftener than not,
When in Newton High she taught.

And the scene was shifted, and a circus curtain lifted,

And I saw within the ring a score or more of women fair,

On a gallant charger riding, in her courage strong abiding,

Just imagine my surprise when I had seen Miss Portner there,

On a gallant charger riding midst the group of ladies fair,

Yes, I saw Miss Portner there.

On the seashore promenading, as the light of day was fading,

There I saw a stately woman, I had known her once in school.

By her side a man walked, beaming, tall and thin, his bald head gleaming.

Tho he was a millionaire I learned his wife made every rule,

"Hubby" must obey Miss Killduff, she established every rule.

(Oh, how could she be so cruel?)

In the picture slowly changing, at an office desk, arranging

Articles for a newspaper was Miss Beard, the dignified.

Now she did not think of Latin or some ancient king's ancestry,

All her thoughts in answering questions about love were occupied,

As advice to all the cases of the love-lorn she applied—

Our Miss Beard, the dignified.

Then a vapor rose and a nausea stole o'er me,

Till I knew 'twas but the steam from out the laundry down the street,

And inside the dim walls shirking (and yet she was sometimes working With a manner quite reluctant) dropping



flat-irons on her feet,
Who'd have thought that Miss McKee'd be
dropping flat-irons on her feet,
In that laundry down the street?

Next, a house dilapidated, and a farm not
irrigated.
Where the weeds were very high and fences
all were in decay.
There was Wilbur not repining, tho his crops
were all declining.
He'd "get all" and do his farming in the
good old-fashioned way,
So his farm neglected lay.

Then the last faint picture faded, and the
room grew colder, shaded,
I awakened with a shrug and involuntary
scream,
Then I saw my books before me and my task
still looming o'er me,
So I took the pen and wrote with all its de-
tails, this queer dream.
'Twas an easy way to get material for an
English theme,
From a hazy, crazy dream!

"Little bits of candy,
Gum and class pins, too,
Make our puffed-up Seniors
Act like Freshies do."

There was a young lady named Vanatta,
Who slipped on a piece of banana,
With a slip and a slide,
More stars she espied
Than are found in the star spangled ban-
ner.

McCabus, dear, flew to assist her,
He picked up her muff and her wrister,
"Did you fall, ma'am?" he cried,
"Do you think," she replied,
"I sat down for the fun of it, mister?"

Clarence S. took a shovel into Miss Fraz-
ier's class, evidently intending to dig out
the lesson, but when taken away from him
he said "he had three feet of snow to shovel
yet."

"I saw a spot of greenish hue,
Which I took to be a lawn of grass,
But as I nearer drew,
It proved to be the Freshman class."

Elmer S.: "Your honor, I tried to warn
the man, but the horn wouldn't work."
Judge: "Then why didn't you slacken
your speed instead of running him down?"
E. S. (pause): "That's one on me—I
never thought of that."

"Say, you are awfully inquisitive,
But I suppose I might as well tell you,
That Avonel Sparks went home from
church,
And with Jetson Adams, too."

Durland K.: "Say, that's a fine tie you
have on."
William H.: "Where do you suppose I got
it?"
Durland: "I don't know."
William: "Around my neck, of course."

For sale: "A hand painted lamp, recently
painted by Ben Jones."—Jitney S.
"My best thoughts always come too late."
—Glenn Enfield.

POPULAR SONGS—

Royce H.—Take a little Tip from Father.
Sam F.—Home, Sweet Home.
Glen R.—I love Them All from A to Z.
Donald H.—A Song Without Words.
Edwin C.—There never was a Girl like You.
Myrtle K.—Chatterbox.
Edward P.—A little bit of Irish.
Almond P.—I love to hear an Irish band.
Willard R.—I'm a Crazy Jay, on a Circus
Day.
Dorothy D.—Daddy's Doll.
Myra T.—I'm Wise.
Vern J.—Tell it to Sweeny.
Esther D.—Naughty Eyes.
Charles M.—Happy as a Lark.
Robert Mc.—Cee! I like Music.

FAVORITE BOOKS.

"The Honorable Percival," Riley Chase.
"Wanted, a Chaperone," Vern Jones.
"The Doctor's Lass," Esther Keables.
"The Eleventh Hour," Katherine Joy.
"The Old, Old Story," Glen Paschal.
"Night and Morning," McCabe Day.
"The Hermit," Hugh Byers.
"We Two," Helen Foster, Wilma Fleck.
"The Siege of the Seven Suitors," Nell
Flickenger.

"Miss Needles extends into space,
So high we can scarce see her face,
But she can see us,
And our case diagnose,
So we retire to cure up the case."

He is so very handsome
We girls all lose our hearts,
We all sit up and worship him,
As across the assembly he darts.

His eyes—ah, me!—his eyes are stars
That twinkle in the night.
I tell you what, this "Chuck" of ours
Is quite a lad alright.

He has many friends in this universe,
And his enemies are few,
If it wasn't for our dear old "Chuck"
I don't know what we would do.

Irene seems to be quite contented
With her neighbor across the way,
Though of course, they're quite shy of
Frank.
They'll sure make a match some day.

"Miss Hall, our Principal is,
Who works away like Gee Whiz,
If it's ever my turn,
Some money to earn,
I'll hunt a job easier than this."
Kenneth M.: "All the great men are dying
off fast."
Everett Sabin: "Yes, and I don't feel very
well."



THE FACULTY.

By a "Post Grad."

Miss Hall—a name inspiring
To all she's chanced to meet
With energy untiring
A lady hard to beat.

Miss Rinehart, she's the jolly one
A great geometry shark
Right on hand to have her fun
From early morn till after dark.

She may be little, but Oh! my—
Who? Why don't you know
Her smiling face as she goes by
Miss Campbell has no foe.

Miss Broderick, the incarnate smile
Beloved by everyone,
She needs but ask, we'd run a mile
Until her bidding's done.

Tall and stately, stern yet kind,
That is Miss McKee
She always calls the Freshman's mind
To that dreadful x, y, z.

Next in line our German friend
The joyful Conybeare
She never yet forgot to lend
A friend's aid anywhere.

Miss Portner's next to Broderick
As far as smiles and gladness goes
You want to know how her you'd pick?
Why by that grin, and cheeks like rose.

Who knows the gent with the mustache?
That's Browning with his grade book red.
He writes with many a curl and dash
And keeps the kids from raising "Ned."

In Science—well she knows it all
The things we never dreamed about
Before Miss Frazier problems fall
It's her delight to troubles rout.

If Latin lessons get awry
Miss Beard you want to know
Although she never seems to try
And yet the tangles go.

Small but mighty is our coach,
Montgomery, better known as Monte
His slang no one can quite approach
His taste is good, his manner jaunty.

Miss Killduff is the friendly saint
Of every future teacher
She never uses "aint" or "haint"
Our ideals never reach her.

Ever see him out for a walk
With his dear, sweet little dog?
Wilbur watches like a hawk
Lest he lose it in a fog.

If you had something good to eat
And to Miss Lamb you took it
She'd straightway put on an apron neat
And soon for you she'd cook it.

In driving nails and fixing screws
Instructor Baird's an expert.
If we knew half of what he knows
It surely would make our heads hurt.

The head of all this famous corps
Mr. Smith, the leader of the crew
We hope that here for many a year
He will still his duty do.

On Wednesday morn and Friday too,
Who sings with us? 'Tis our Miss Miles.
She brings us joy and friendship true
And if we're good, she gives us smiles.

With these to train our minds to grow
Miss Needles com's to guard
From measles and such things, you know,
That make our work so hard.

Last but not least, the newest one,
Miss Johnson, gym instructor.
She leads them all in work and fun,
The physical training conductor.

With such a group to guide our way
We never can go far in wrong
And that is why the P. G's stay,
They cannot stay away for long.

WHY AM I HERE.

John H.: "Just for fun."

Everett S.: "To make myself heard."

Henry E.: "To help the faculty."

Ruth D.: "Because, that's why."

Myrtle K.: "To find out what I didn't know."

Violet G.: "To be a better cook."

Madge Mc.: "Who wants to know?"

William K.: "To illuminate the way."

Cecile O.: "A case to be decided."

Marjorie F.: "It's too lonesome at home."

Margaret Mc.: "I don't know."

NEW LAW IN PHYSICS.

New Law in Physics.—The mark of a pupil on a test paper often varies, inversely as to the square root of the distance from his nearest neighbor, and directly as to the product of both heads.

NOTICE!!

Notice!!—I will give a large sum of money to anyone who gets and returns to the below address a precious "Hammer" which was stolen from me.—Edward Phillips.

Hugh B., is so good, so pure,
His life is so serene,
I sometimes think he would be blue
If he were not so green.

Sweet Helen Mc is a pacifist,
By nature, mild and meek,
She never cries when she is kissed
But turns the other cheek.

Glen P.: "Do we have a test in Physics today?"

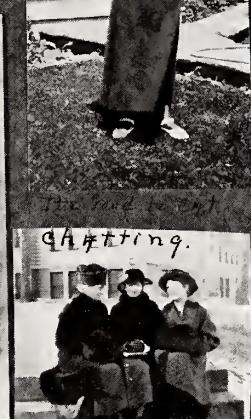
George K.: "No."

Glen: "Then what are you studying for?"

Percy Lufkin: "I have asked Miss Propp at least a dozen times to marry me."

Royce Harp: "Is that so?"

Percy: "Yes, and I can't get her to say no."



Last year we had some cases,
But they couldn't beat this year's,
For we've Royce Harp and Katy,
You know the little dears.

Then there's Percy L. and Florence,
How surprised you seem to be,
But I'll bet you cannot beat it,
No matter who you see.

You say, "Where is McCabe Day?"
You'll find him at the Vanatta home,
I'm sure that he'll be right there
For he doesn't even have to phone.

After these come Bob and Myra,
Oh! You're not surprised at that?
Well, how about Glenn and Florence?
I guess that'll hold you flat.

You should keep your eyes wide open
If you're so anxious to hear the news,
William Carrier goes with Marjorie French,
That's something you can't afford to lose.

FAVORITE EXPRESSIONS.

Miss B.: "You can't get away from it."
Miss C.: "Oh, that's alright."
Miss McKee: "It's your loss."
Miss Conybeare: "Let's have it quiet."
Mr. Wilbur: "Where has my little dog gone?"
Mr. M. and Mr. S.: "Now, my wife says—"
Miss Hall: "Well, you shouldn't have."
Miss Frazier: "Farther than that I can't tell."

There is a lad named Dalzell
Who in his studies does well,
But when it comes to deportment
'Tis a sad resortment,
So his fate is hard to tell.

A lovely girl named Geraldine
Whose fame will reach the skies—
She has wonderful eyes
The size of mince pies
And she knows how to use em, by gum.

TO STUDY HOURS.

When I consider how I love to write
A theme and try to translate Caesar, too,
And Latin verbs—they surely are a fright!
Why, they alone would give me lots to do!
But horrors! Hist'ry's added to the list,
Nor can I well forget geometry
And Botany, alas! Howe'er can I—but list!
There goes the bell and all is up for me!
Oh, Study Hour, how short you seem!
Why do you let your minutes go so fast?
Let me but get inspired for a theme
Before bells ring and you've entirely fast!
Now, here's the dismal burden of my rhyme,
May we for once (oh, happy thought) have time.

Frances A (L)free
Joe H(O)ldsworth
Charles K(N)epper
(G)lenn McVay
(P)erry Broadston
R(A)lph McLaughlin
George Doa(N)e
Rober(T) McLaughlin
Ross (S)tarrett

(To the tune of "Twenty Froggies Went to School.")
A class of Freshies, hard to rule,
Started to the Newton school
Thinking that they knew a lot
But their lessons never got.
This class of Freshies grew up fast
And Sophomores became at last.
They were used to high school days,
And forgot their bashful ways.
Soon the Sophomore year was done
And the Junior work begun
All their study hours they spent
That they might win a high per cent,
And when the Senior year is past
And in their hand a sheepskin grasped,
Each one wears a happy smile
And thinks his work was well worth while.

Miss Hall: "Aziel, define 'investigation.'"
Aziel: "Hunting up a lot of blame, and
placing it on somebody else."

Oh! what a jolly bunch are we,
Care and trouble we have none;
Still much happier we will be
When our hardest lessons are done.

When but Freshmen we do come
Then we think we have much to fear;
My, what mischief there is done,
When none of the "Misses" are near.

But now Sophomores you see,
Nothing do we dread;
Soon Juniors we expect to be,
When Seniors, fears have fled.

Riley C.: "These glasses give me an intellectual appearance, don't they?"
Hugh B.: "Yes, they do; aren't they powerful?"

"Cute little Freshie, green as grass,
Went to Latin in an Algebra class,
But never mind, the dear little thing
Will be wiser after exams this spring."

Miss K. (in Grammar): "Decline a tall boy, Geraldine."
Geraldine: "No, ma'am, I'll accept him."

Myrtle K.: "I always make a rule never to speak unless I know what I am talking about."

Mozelle F.: "Aren't you afraid of losing your voice from want of practice?"

Dear Friends:
Our actions for some time past having been of a nature that would lead you to suspect our tender relations toward each other, we hereby take this opportunity of announcing our engagement.

FLORENCE AND PERCY.

The Greatest Show on Earth. Tickets for sale at Stouder's, 25 cents. Coming soon. Plenty of smiles and laughter. Given by Riley Chase and Esther Keables.



THE FRESHMAN'S ARRIVAL.

'Twas eight-thirty in the morning
When in all the crowd and rush
One lone Freshman sought a refuge
From the noisy jam and push.

At the south door gazed he blankly
At the paper which he bore,
Row 10, seat 9, could he find it?
Something whispered "Nevermore."

But a Sophomore eased this fearing
When he took him by the hand
And with words of friendly cheering
Led him thru the unknown land.

Thus he found his seat in high school
And he soon began to see
N. H. S. is the very place
A Freshman ought to be.

Through the nine long months he labored
With athletics and the rest
And by spring he and the Sophomores
Fought together at their best.

MY PONY.

(By Bob P?)

When my thoughts in my studies and all
Do me no good, I feel rather small
When to recite, the teacher does call
I love it only,
My dearest pony.

Have I time to study? never,
But I have time to sleep, forever
In my studies I am rather clever,
Then I think only,
My dear old pony.

SONG HITS.

"I Love to Tease the Girls," Alex Brown.
"I Like to Flirt," Arlando Baldwin.

Wilma V.: "Where did Miss Rinehart go with
that tennis court?"

POPULAR SONGS.

"Dorothy Waltz" (McCabe Day).
"You're Just the Girl I'm Looking For" (Keith W.).
"That Old Girl of Mine" (Francis A.).
"The Only Heart Broken Was Mine" (Gretchen K.).
"Gee, I Wish I Was Big" (Thomas D.).
"I Want a Girl" (William H.).
"I Love a Lassie" (Percy L.).
"It's a Long Way to Tipperary" (Leo O'R.).
"I'm the Guy" (Harley S.).
"I'm Going Crazy" (Joe H.).

TO HIGH SCHOOL BOYS.

To be, or not to be, that is the question,
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to use
The cubes and grains of the delicious Durham
Or to take arms against the mass of faculty
and by opposing them,
To lower our deportment, and by lowering to
say
We end the chance and advantage of graduation
day.

There lives a young villain named Starrett,
His presence cold chills does inspire,
From his toes to his grin
He is six feet and thin,
And there's no telling where all he has been.

Vern Jones humming recklessly.
Miss Miles: "I'd rather hear you sing than
listen to music."

There are some fellows in this school,
They know they're wondrous wise,
They know they're good at making dates,
And e'en at making eyes;
But when they leave this High School,
The paths of fame to tread,
They'll find 'twas all an accident,
They'd merely been misled.
For instance—Riley Chase, Robert Pickens.

Every day at school we see,
Not with trousers at the knee
But in pantaloons dolled up
Frances Allfree—get's the cup.

JUDGMENT.

Poetry may be beautiful,
And prose just simply sublime,
But if one should ask my opinion
I'd say daffodills for mine.

Milton's style may be majestic,
The verse of Byron seem alive,
But if you want to read literature
Why not to the Newtonia subscribe?

Sousa's band may be immortal,
And Alexander's ragtime fine,
But whoever thought of doubting
Our orchestra the best in the land.

Chase's Honey and Tar may be soothing
And so may Raymond's irritator,
But whoever thought of comparing them
With Picken's Little Giant Stimulator.

You may boast of the confections
Which the French pastry cooks bake,
But the Senior pies, without dispute,
Surpass even those which mother makes.

Dear reader, in the last stanza
Excuse a very grave mistake;
The Senior pies, I meant to say,
Caused many groans, pains and aches.

Harvard may have her superb team,
The same may be said of old Chi,
But you'll have to show by conviction
The team we are not able to tie.

Greece may well boast of her athletes,
For they formed a great part of her fame,
But our's you'll see in the future,
As victors in the Olympian games.

You may read of mobs and tumults
Which occur on bargain days,
But these become frivolous frolics
When you've seen our girls' basketball
games.

There may be scholars and students,
Philosophers and sages profound,
But you'll have to search the world o'er
Fore teachers like ours can be found.

OUR LIBRARY.

Real Folks The Seniors
A Chance Discovery The Juniors
A Hopeless Case The Sophomores
Little Men and Women The Freshmen
Seats of the Mighty .. Superintendents' Office
House of Bondage Newton High School
The Crisis Examinations
Fairy Tales Excuses
Vanity Fair Irene Jasper
The Little Minister McCabe Day
The Chatter Box Myrtle Keener
What Might Have Been Expected
..... Miss Hall's Announcement
The Secret Garden Grade Books
The Toll Tuition

"The way ain't sunny,
But don't you fret;
Cheer up, Freshie—
You'll be a Junior yet."

THE WONDER OF SCHOOL.

First, the East School took me by the hand,
Then the Central School looked into my
eyes,
Though the Lincoln School brushed my shoul-
der,
Yet did not make me wise.

But when I kissed the High School's cheek
It taught my heart the world to see
The wisdom of wonder that I long did seek
I want to dwell with me.

The pupils of Old Newton High
Think their lessons are hard and dry;
But when they go away
They come back and say.
They wouldn't trade theirs for any other
high.

Marjorie French and Carrier, I do declare,
Are the best looking couple I've seen any-
where;
But it gets me that each
Can be such a peach,
While together they make such a pair.

JUST A CALL AT TWILIGHT.

Once in the dear, dear days beyond recall
When on Alta, Fred began to call,
His footsteps did falter, weary grew the way,
Still he did call on her at close of day.
Just a hug at twilight,
When the lights were low,
And the sweet, soft kisses quick did come and
go,
Tho' Fred was weary, 'cause he worked so
long,
Still she would keep him,
Thru the morning long, thru the morning
long.

Talk about a smart bunch of fellers we
shure have them in hour clas.
the other da when we was out 4a botany
hyke we was studyin tres an we cum up to
1 grate big feller and after callin us al 2 a
holt Miss Frazzer asks what is this and tuby
hollers after givin it the once over i sa its
a tre.

in geometry mr. wil burr inkwired what
is a pyramid george and george up an ansirs
a pyramid is a cone with the sydes shaved
off.

1 da willum brot his mother up 2 schul 2
viset, as she was shaken hans with Miss Mc-
key she said my sun tuk algebra of u last
vere i believe. No says Miss Mckey he was
exposed but he never tuk it.

las summer sum of the h. s. bois kamped
on the skunc river an they had sum ofel
ecksperiences. 1 morning it was ofel hot and
royce was shaving outside the tent. a fresh
guy comes along an says i c u r shavin out-
side this morning, an royce feelin grouchy-
like cumbs back at him with this "u don't
think i'm fur lined do u"

Everett S.: "Well, Clif, you are getting very
bent. Why don't you stand up straight like
me?"

Clifford C.: "Eh, man, do you see that field
of corn over there?"

Everett S.: "I do."

Clifford: "Well, ye'll notice that the full
heads hang down and the empty ones stand
up."

DEDICATED TO THE FRESHMEN.

The Freshman Class they're a set
Of brainy (?) boys and girls, you bet;
Some of them think they know enough,
Some succeed in running a bluff.
But when it comes to a test
They sigh and find it best
To forget to write the test—
And get away with it? Nay!
For when he comes to class
He has no excuse, alas!
Our Freshman class is a fine bunch—
On candy they often munch,
Or chew gum in the school—
That is against the rule—
And then they always pass.
Hurrah for our Freshmen Class!

McCabe had a little car,
Just big enough for two,
And everywhere that car did go
His Dorothy, she went too.

He drove it down to Metz one day,
A concert for to give,
The crowd did sit up and say:
'Tis them, sure as I live.

The fiddle it did wail and squeak,
The piano it did boom,
At last the crowd was forced to leave
But it was none to soon.

Percy L.: "I'm in trouble with my girl."
Glen P. (sympathetically): "Why, what's the
trouble?"

Percy: "I've been saying such nice things
to her that she's getting conceited. Now, if I
stop she'll think I don't care for her any more,
and if I go on she'll think she's too good for
me."

N-ewton High School.
E-ver onward.
W-inners.
T-eamwork our slogan.
O-thers cannot compare.
N-ever shirking.
I-f you doubt it, the
A-nswer is, try N. H. S.

TEACHER'S PET.

Everett Galusha, so they say,
Went home from school the other day,
A couple of books by his side
So he would be the teacher's pride.

He went till he came to his home
And that night no more would roam
Started to work and said he would
Get his Latin, the best he could.

Next day when he came to school
Everybody else was dumb as a mule
But when he was asked to recite
He got up and gave his sentence just right.

But when at him the teacher looked
He got scared till he almost shook
But when she said it was good, you bet
From that time on, he was the teacher's pet.

Keith W.: "So I-a-have been sitting a-a-here a-like I was-a-bored (board)?"

Florence S.: "Yes, but then it's more than likely because you're wooden headed."

Miss B. (on street): "Stop fighting at once boys. Don't you know that you should forgive your enemies?"

Frank C. (still fighting): "He ain't my enemy, Miss Broderick, I never saw him before."

The annual is here, say we, say we,
Just full of jokes, so to speak.
As it were, we are filled with glee, with glee,
Now the authors we do seek.

When you see a stately Senior
Blushing crimson in the face,
Every time he takes his watch out
There's a maiden in the case.

Mac Edge (in music period): "I don't see why we sing when it says refrain. I thought refrain meant to keep from doing something."

WANT ADS.

A few days of Grace.—Donald Hammerly.
A smile.—Edwin Carpenter.
A remedy for blushing.—Effie Alling.
A girl I can keep.—John Hans.
Someone to love me.—Samuel Fleming.
A cook for life.—Hugh Byers.
People to listen while I talk.—Wilma Van Dusseldorf.
A girl my size.—Francis Allfree.
A high chair.—Holdsworth.
A yard more on each arm.—Alex Brown.

Two views of roll call during the siege of measles:

Miss K.: "It is like calling the roll after a battle."

Miss McKee: "This sounds like a roll call in heaven."

Miss B. (In English): "I think we ought not laugh at Sir Roger in love, that we really ought to sympathize with him."

Carroll M.: "You couldn't sympathize with him if you hadn't had the experience yourself."

George V.: "Say, have you your English lesson for today?"

Glen P.: "No, I'm against preparedness in all forms."

I love those mathematics,
They teach me how to think;
I love that dear old English,
To hear its silvery clink;
I also love my history,
But that which I love best,
Is the language of the Roman,
The golden bell-like Latin.

Thomas D.: (translating): "This book is very interesting."

Miss Beard: "Why is that in the subjunctive?"

Thomas: "Because it is contrary to fact."

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

The gong tolls the beginning of the day,
The pupils upward plod their weary way
Three teachers hastily check for those not there,
And Miss Hall dismisses us on our way.

Now fades the first period classes on the sight
And all the air a solemn stillness holds
Save where the eraser wheels it's droning flight,
And the teacher of the period loudly scolds.

Save that from yonder paper covered desk,
The moping student does to his lessons complain
Of staying out till the moon sets on the west
And losing fifty per cent in next day's test.

TO MISS HALL.

Before the assembly's awful throne,
Ye students bow your heads in high regard.
Know that the teacher is monarch alone
She can push on, she can retard,
And—she can mark down minus's on your card.

Her sovereign power without our aid
Can make mere idlers into men
And when from school, like wandering sheep
we stray
She brings us back into the fold again.

We are her people, we are her care
Our mind and all our mortal frame
What honors she may rear,
Oh students, to our name.

Wide as the building is her command,
Vast as eternity her rule,
Her words shall effect our mind,
When in years to come, we cease to be in school.

TO BEN JONES.

From bold bandit to dealer in arts—
We have watched your smiles like a cupid's
 dart,
And, Oh, Ben, have you guessed
That the card you play best is the deuce
With "us pore" ladies' hearts?

TO GEORGE KELLY.

There is the Rose that buds and grows,
 Pluck it and call it your own,
For the Rose may fade, and so will the maid,
 If she lives too long alone.

Mr. Wilbur: "There are times when I would like to see what is going on in the back row, but there are times when I can't see the back row at all."

Class turns and looks at Royce sitting with his feet on the seat in front of him.

A peculiar case is deportment,
With its exceedingly wide-spread assortment;
 It's high and it's low,
 Often shockingly so,
And 'tis caused through the use of reportment

A boy I know, his name is Vern,
At all the teachers he does spurn,
 He bluffs at that,
 And don't you know,
His brains come flat,
Although his chances seem very slim,
A little milk might quiet him.

Miss Rinehart: "Bennie, did you memorize those six quotations of 'Mid Summer Night's Dreams'?"

Bennie: No, ma'am, Ma was using that part of the book for pressing autumn leaves."

Durland K.: "Russel, please lend me a nickel for a minute."

Russel R.: "Wait a minute and you won't need it."

Riley C. (translating German): "Will you be mine?"

Miss Conybeare: "All right."

THE FACULTY'S PLEA.

Backward, turn backward, O time, in your flight!
And give us a student who studies at night;
Give us a student who loves to work,
An old-time student, who never will shirk.
A student with ruffles and frills and all,
Who thinks more of Latin than basketball;
One who will reverence the laws of the school,
And with due respect obey each small rule;
One who deep love for his teachers will feel,
Then give us, O give us, a student ideal.
So backward, turn backward, O time, in your flight!

And give us a student who studies at night.

CAN YOU IMAGINE—

Percy starting to school before Florence?
Florence C. without her lessons?
Willard R. with his German?
Wilbur without his dog?
Evelyn H. a school "marm"?

Erma M. without a date?
Helen Mc. not using powder?
Dorothy D. having something to do?
Hazel W. a housekeeper?

Miss Rinehart: "I told you to write a poem. What do these unwritten pages mean?"
Clinton S.: "Blank verse."

Charles M.: "Yes, I am willing to admit girls have better complexions than boys."

Miss Campbell: "Naturally."
Charles: "No, artificially."

Miss Frazier: "What would happen if all the women in the United States refused to buy meat for six months, at its present price?"

Vern Jones: "The meat would spoil."

In our high school all the girls
 Have large braids, but some have curls,
 But no curls can quite compare
 With the curls that Eva wears.

Ketchup—a tonic for those who flunked.

THE ESCAPE.

(Original poem by a Junior.)
In an open, closed compartment
 Sat a grey haired lad of ten.
Alone he sat, and silent,
 With fifteen other men.

His brow was smooth and wrinkled,
 His eyes were filled with tears.
Upon his dome were sprinkled
 The snows of ninety years.

And as he lay there napping
 On the velvety cement floor,
The prison guard came tapping
 On the wooden iron door.

With sprightly steps the young man rose,
 And walked across the room.
He tried his best but could not close
 The door of his light dark tomb.

And then as he grew sadder
 He thought of one fine plan.
He went and got a ladder,
 And soon his task began.

His heart within him fluttered,
 His knees, rocked to and fro,
As he looked down with a shudder
 Twelve hundred miles below.

His dull eyes beaming fairly,
 The clock just striking eight,
He dropped the great ball squarely
 Upon the keeper's pate.

Then with one last ray of hope,
 He leaped into the deep.
He was surprised when he awoke
 And found he was asleep.

JITNEY'S TRIUMPH.

He fingered the vocabulary
 From the beginning to the back;
He worked at a hundred translations,
 But he entirely lacked the knack
To come up to the teacher's expectations.

(Found in the desk of one of our most distinguished Freshmen—ah, the follies of youth.)

"Dearest Dorothea:

"My love is stronger than patent butter or the kick of a young colt. Sensations of exquisite joy go through me like cohorts of ants through an army cracker and caper over my heart like young goats on a stable roof. I feel like an old stage horse in a green pasture or as though I could lift myself by my boot-straps to the height of a church steeple. As the mean pup hankers after sweet milk, so do I hanker after your presence. And as the gosling swimmeth in the mud puddle, so do I swim in a sea of delightfulness when you are near me. My heart flops up and down like a churn dasher, and my eyes stand open like cellar doors in a country town, and if my love is not reciprocated, I will pine away and die like a poisoned bedbug and you can come and catch a cold on my grave. My dove, lovey, lovely love, I shall bid you adieu till the slow hours pass 'twixt now and the time when I may again gaze on your lovely form as we stand in the shadow of the Christian church.

"Your lovely
"McCABE."

Under a spreading maple tree
The trembly Freshie stands.
The Freshie, a little shy is he,
When in the High School hall he stands.
Into the High School, day after day,
He walks into the assembly room,
Everyone seems to look his way
And he reaches his seat as if in a swoon.
Week in, week out, from morn till night,
He racks his weary brain,
And studies hard, with all his might,
So that some day he may acquire fame.

NOTICE.—Having decided to do our sleeping in the fourth period every morning, we wish to have the assembly room as quiet as possible. Signed: Durland Kelly, Robert Pickens.

"LOST DORG LOST"

i went and lost my bull dorg wich i wudnt have took nothin fer, skeersely, seein as how he was thet valyabal ter me thet i wudnt trade him fer vicent motgomries no akkount bicikle last wensday. a bull dorg ain't no dorg what bulls around all day butt he is a dorg wich goes with me every day fer a walk.

i cud take this here dorg out eny time and shoot a mess of quails and now he's lost, goshrammit. i has my suspishins on the feller what has this dorg and i no who the gilty parties is and i wish tu say if sed party was as small in statoor as he is in prinsipal, he cud stand flat-footed an pull a nat's whiskers without bending his nees.

any one givin informashun leadin tu the convickun of my dorg, call at my offis an recaeve liberal reward of my thanks.

i wanttu say that ive plaid ball with mutts, actorfied with bums and rid on trains with hoo-booies but i aint never met know skalaway as the guy whats got my bull dorg.

Stop kikin my dawg aroun.

A. J. WILBUR.

Who is the girl
So little and sweet?
Clara Byers, so light on her feet.

Who is the girl
That smiles so sweet?
Joy Eastman, so neat and Belite.

Who is the boy
That is everybody's friend?
George Vance, the president.

Who is the girl
With beautiful hair?
Katherine Joy, so dear and so fair.

Other papers all remind us
We can make our own sublime,
If our fellow students send us
Contributions all the time.
Here a little, there a little
Story, school note, hit or jest,
If you want a good school paper
Each of you must do your best.

THE SPRING COLD.

What is so rare as a cold in the spring,

Then if ever, come perfect colds.
The myriad cold germs whistle and sing
While you to your handkerchief manfully
cling,

And vainly try some comfort to bring
To your mournfully stricken soul.

Your dear friends will faithfully try every-
thing

On you as a cure for the cold.
You find that relief, time only will bring,
For the cold germs still whistle and gleefully
sing,
Still working your nose like a wet-weather
spring,
Then—presto! 'Tis vanished the cold.

In the Assembly Room you will never find:
Anything keener than Myrtle;
Anything freer than Allfree;
Anything more precious than Diamond and
Amber.

You'll never find anything stranger:
Than a Day not made up of hours;
A Violet growing the year round;
A Foreman if you Miss (the) Hall;
A Furniss always in order;
A Hammer that is always noiseless;
A Walker not always in action;
A time to say Grace to a Bishop;
A Failor with grades above eighty;
A Joy that is sometimes sorrowful;
A Greenlieft that seldom is Green.

Fred Meyers had a stick of gum;
He chewed it long and slow,
And every place that Freddie went
That gum was sure to go.

It went with him to school one day—
And this was 'gainst the rule—
Miss Campbell took it away from him
And chewed it after school.

THE FRESHMAN'S SOLILOQUY.

Tell me not, oh noble Senior,
School is but an empty dream;
If you have a good demeanor,
Tho you're old, you're very green.

School is real, school is earnest!
Freshies say so every day;
Tho you're old, you're very green,
Freshmen have no time for play.

The school room is the field of battle,
In the struggle up the hill;
Seniors, Juniors, Sophs and Freshies
All go thru the same old mill.

Better then be up and doing,
Soon you'll have to earn your salt,
In the struggle for existence,
If not, 'twon't be the Freshies' fault.

There's one of our faculty members
We really just adore.

Whenever he's in a quandary,
He looks down to the floor.
Then a bright thought seems to strike him,
He pulls from his head a hair,
He studies it very intently—
And finds what he wants just there.

And such an affectionate doggie,
He has for his pet of late,
There's one room this said dog enters,
It seems in spite of fate.
The man quickly follows,
Presumably on "Bud" he is bent,
But there he lingers and lingers
On "gymnastics" very intent.

When Newton High School has ended, and the
building has crumbled to dust,
And the Scarlet and Black has faded and the
oldest Alumni has died,
We shall rest, and faith, we shall need it.
The faculty, students and all.

"I've seen the train stop for a cow,"
Willard R. said, with a laugh,
But Laurine said, "Keep off the track;
It won't stop for a calf."

To study or not to study—that is the question,
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The scoffs and zeros of enraged teachers,
Or to take up the books against the sea of
knowledge
And by studying overcome it? To study, to
learn—
No more, and by concentration to say we end
The low grades and the thousand natural anxieties
That a Senior is heir to—"tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To study—to learn—
To learn! perchance to work! Ay, there's the
rub,
For in the years at high school spent,
Where lessons are hard and time is short,
We needs must play awhile. There's the respect
That makes the Senior work so hard;
For who would bear the brunt of toil,
The teachers' chatter, the lengthy day,
The indolence of the Sophs and the call
Of the spring that demands sentimental
thoughts
And one drowns the conscience by strolling
With a pretty girl! Who would toil endure,
To grunt and sweat a weary life,
But that the dread of parent frown on report
card day,
The undisguised displeasure shown and
No leniency given, buoys us up,
And makes us bear those studies we have
And think not of pleasure and gayety?
Thus our fears do make us toil
And bring forth many a resolution.
And thus the native hue of study
Is sickneyed o'er with the pale cast of prepara-
tion
And grades go up and teachers smile
And forget to frown upon us.

Miss Frazier to Clarence S.: "Clarence,
aren't you planning on making garden this
spring?"

Clarence: "No, I'm not planning on it, but
I have to."

Miss Conybeare: "Carroll, what was the fate
of Napoleon?"

Carroll W. (half asleep): "He died."

"TRAGEDY OF EXAMINATION DAY."

he didd knot pass ann so he kannot go,
too the neckst room with amy joans uno
butt has to stay in the fifth grade wile she
goze on ahead a room ware she will bee
a favorite with all the boys, ann when
he gets up thare she will be gone again.
ann hennry beamus sedd it onley shoze
how wun fals stepp leads up tu awl owr woze
ann he kann never be in her saim klass
in awl his life becaws he didd knot pass.

he looks intoo the bigg geogafee
ware amy rote hur naim on the dedd see
a year ago ann then thinks uv how
his dreem of happyness is ovar now
ann henry beamus sedd his broaken hart
frum loozin hur ann beein toarn apart
shoed bee a solumn lessun tu uss awl
to doo owr verry besst fore feer we fawl
a vicktum ann doant pass ann awl our yeers
bee filled with vane regreets ann bittur teers.

—Ex.

WE WANDER WHY—

Ralph Mc. is so pigeon-toed.
Vern M. does not study.
Vern J. is so bow-legged.
Willie M. is so studious.
"Speck" M. wears a yellow sweater.
Vincent R. has white hair.
Lee S. wears a pompadour.
The Freshmen are so green.
The Seniors are so modest.
The Juniors are so yellow.
The Sophomores can't be beat.
Russell S. don't get over his childish ways.

All things bright and beautiful,
All words great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
Miss Myrtle speaks them all.

SOCIETY NEWS.

There's a rumor abeard that Riley is going
to be a farmer. We all know that Riley has
a weakness along these lines and wish him
success in this great enterprise.

A POEM.

(With apologies to Antony's speech in Julius Caesar.)

Seniors, Juniors, Teachers, lend me your ears.
We come to defeat the Freshies, not to praise them.

The failures they lament live not after them—
Their victories may as well be interred like their bones.

So let it be this season. The noble Starrett hath told you that the Freshies are ambitious.

If it were not so, it is a grievous fault,
And grievously hath the Freshies answered it,

Here with the expressed permission of Smoke and the rest,
For Smoke is an honorable man—
So are they all, all honorable men.

Come we to speak at the Freshmen's downfall.
They are our rivals, we'll skin them up right.
But Carrier said that they would beat us,
And Carrier is a mistaken man.

When the Sophies have cheered, the Freshies have wept.

Ambition should have made the tables turn.
Yet, Hammerly says they are ambitious,
Poor, poor, ill-treated man.

You all did see that at the track meet
We thrice gave them the chance to beat us and they did thrice refuse. Was this good playing?

Yet, Ives says they can do good playing, and sure he is a truthful man.

I come not to disprove what the Freshies spoke.
But here I am to speak what I do know.
We, too, were Freshies once, and one time we did mourn,

But victories compel us now to mourn no more.
Oh, Ambition, thou art fled to next year's team.
For you have cost them dear, behold them,
Standing in our tracks.

They'll be Sophomores sure next year.

Amelia M.: "Miss Rinehart, don't the kids make you tired with the questions they ask?"

Miss R.: "Yes, indeed, Amelia; what else do you want to know?"

Hugh B.—Such a flirt!

Mildred S.—I can't see a joke.

Sam F.—A mighty genius.

Edwin C.—Fond of amber beads. He possesses a most charming grin that won't come off.

William G.—High school dude.

Rodney T.—He always has a sweet smile for everyone (?).

Dorothy D.—High school Giggleheimer.

Bill K.—Loved by all the girls.

Rena C.—Who said pivot-tongued humming bird?

Edward P.—Wanted, a good Hammer.

Reuel J.—The High School cutup.

Elmer S.—Is that the last bell?

Henry E.—Likes an Early dinner.

Aziel G.—Knows it all and knows it.

Bob H.—Oh! So grave and serious and thoughtful.

Elnora W.—Likes delicate hands (Hans) very well.

Vincent R.—He knows. Just ask him.

Arlando B.—Wanted, a cure for blushing.
Also a wide brimmed hat to preserve my peachy complexion.

Minds that are flumed,

Brains fairly whirling,

Finger-worn thesis notes nervously twirling.
These are the Seniors—the worried.

The leaders, the students, the men of the hour,
With minds that are staple

And hands that are able.

These are the Juniors—the possessors of power.

Some that are fickle, some that are flighty,

Some that are crafty and cunning, too,

As like reality crooks, they are bluffing it thru

They are the Sophs—they want to be mighty.

Studious lads and lasses of the land

Those heads work easily,

Those hearts oft grow freezy,

These are the Freshies of the kindergarten band.

WHAT THEY GO TO SCHOOL FOR.

Freshmen—To show their greenness.

Sophomores—To show their keenness.

Juniors—To show their meanness.

Seniors—To show their leanness.

Jean S. to Helen H., who had just entered school again: "You can whisper all you want to in physics class, because Mr. Wilbur can't even hear it thunder."

Helen: "He can't? Is he deaf?"

Jean: "No it's not thundering."

A SENIOR'S FAREWELL.

We are Seniors, most dignified and modest. We began our N. H. S. career four and more(?) years ago. Most of us have grown quite feeble under the stern commands, most difficult lessons, and shocking grades which our dear teachers have seen fit to bestow upon us while we have remained in this shrine of knowledge. Now we are about to be graduated from this place of learning, and this signifies that we are the ideals which should be initiated by all of you underclassmen. We beg of you to follow in our footsteps and use no ponies, neither copy from another or use your neighbor's notebook. To our kind, ever faithful, willing teachers, we hope we have not been a great disappointment to you, but that you will as years go on, point with pride to the class of '16. The old building will probably be a little dead because of the departure of so many refined, cultured, and ambitious youth. But fear not, because some of our members will return to you again next year. They will not come to receive more knowledge, because this is impossible, but just that they may be an inspiration and help to you, fellow students. The farewell has been said and the class of '16 is leaving the spot which to most of us has grown very dear. Some will go to instruct the less fortunate, some to show their amount of knowledge, while others will climb to height of longed-for glory.



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Young man, form this habit, get busy. We have dozens of mighty new creations, so appealing it will make your nerves tingle with anticipation.



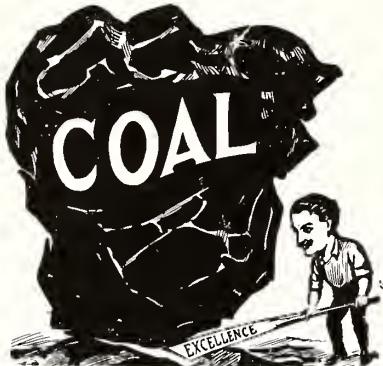
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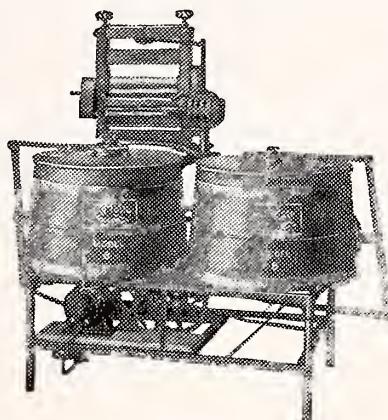
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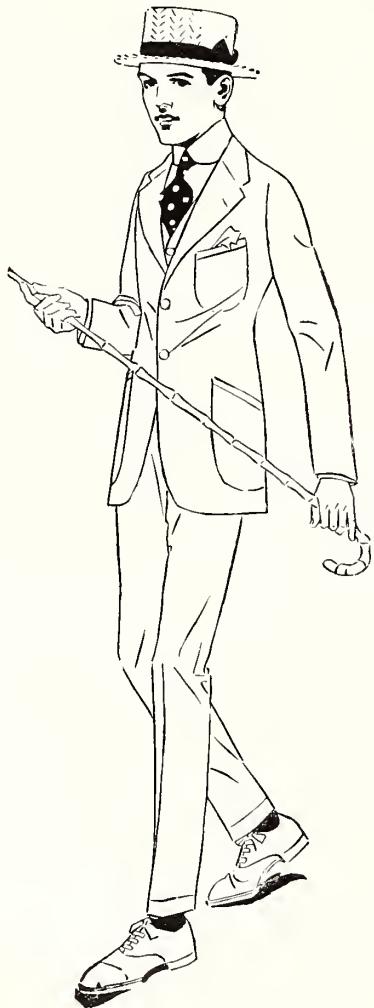
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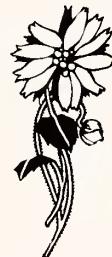
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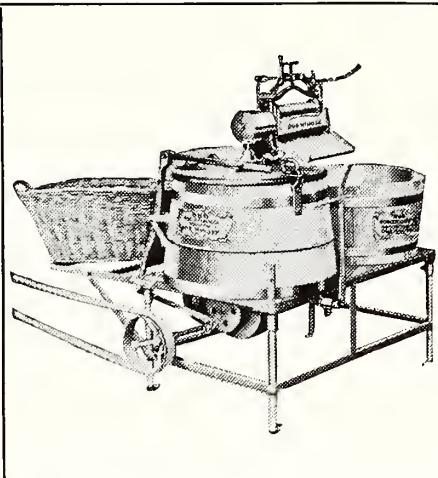
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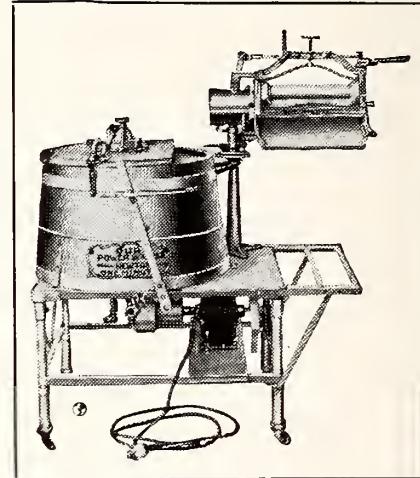


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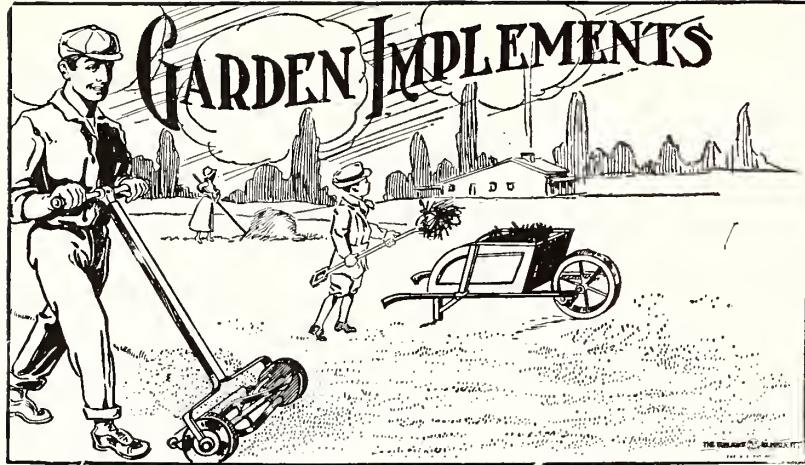
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YOU Get the satisfaction to which you are entitled, satisfaction in style, fit and service. This has been proven many years. We would like to prove it to you this spring. We can save you money on your shoe bill with Selz Shoes. See our windows.

Vander Linden's
"Selz Royal Blue" Store.

WE SET THE PACE

WE are constantly setting the pace for other drug stores, which means that we offer you the highest quality goods at the lowest prices. Courteous service and prompt delivery thrown in. Make all your purchases of us and you will know the best drug store satisfaction.

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WHETHER you start farming, housekeeping, teaching, clerking, or continue studying, our best wishes go with you. And our next best wishes are that you will not forget us when in need of building materials or anything in our line.

Denniston & Partridge Co.

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IF you want a smart, stylish, attractive hat at a price that just suits your pocketbook go to

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Don't fail to vist our New Way Store where you will see the finest line of all kinds of Dry Goods and Ready-to-Wear merchandise in Newton. And prices always the lowest. It will give us pleasure to show you through the store whether you buy or not. Only throughout up-to-date store in Central Iowa.

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Open Day and Night
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*Everything in Barbering
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*For First Class
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*Popcorn
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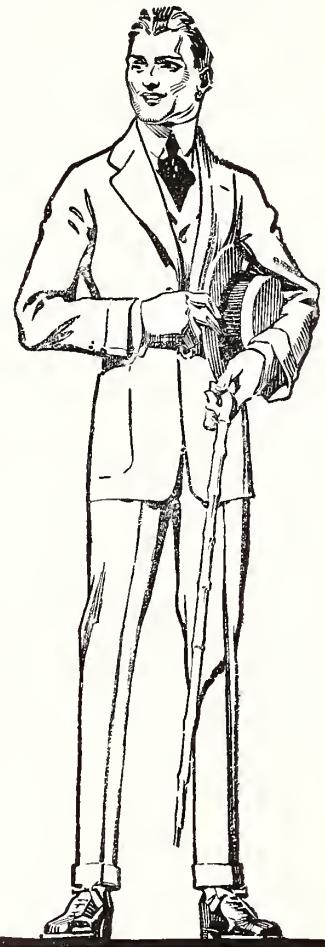
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The Young American Style

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Varsity fifty-five



ONE of the good things of our clothing is the authority behind the styles. Another is the chance for individuality in the variations of a given model.

If you like the suit and it fits, you can leave the other considerations to the

Hart Schaffner & Marx label; "a big thing to find."

The Bell
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RIGHT HERE

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Office
White Front Building
South Side Square

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The Woman's Exchange

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bossed and bound by*

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our oft repeated claim*

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Think it over; it is not half bad.

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But a real man can do it.

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Musical Merchandise

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To the Advertisers

THE management of the Newtonia takes this opportunity of thanking you for your consideration and co-operation in the publication of this book.



